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The Life That Wins

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Merry christmas
from Mother
1924

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1—Life That Wins

THE
LIFE THAT WINS

By

MATILDA E. ANDROSS

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PREFACE

"TALK to me about religion,—simple, experimental religion," was the request of Thomas Huxley, the infidel scientist, to a Christian friend one day as they walked in the garden.

Sooner or later every man yearns for religion—not a hair-splitting theology, nor doctrine, nor creed, but simple, experimental religion. This little book, a fitting companion to that other delightful volume by Mrs. Andross, "Alone with God," emphasizes just that thing,—experimental Christianity.

The Christianity she talks of is not a religion of shadowed cloisters, or darkened cathedrals, or austere councils of church. Her phraseology is not that of sacerdotalism nor ecclesiasticism, for she talks of Christianity in its simplest yet most comprehensive terms, love, service, others. She talks of that greatest miracle on earth, a human life that wins for Christ; and of the greatest opportunity that comes to any man, the opportunity to live that life.

Such a volume is surely needed to-day, when there is so much profession of Christianity, and so little genuine religion. We venture that when you have done with this book, you will be firm in the conviction that the Christ life is not so much something to talk and theorize about, as it is something to be lived.

THE PUBLISHERS.

To our
Missionary
Volunteers
around
the world.

THE LIFE THAT WINS

Contents

From Defeat to Victory	5
Difficulties in the Way	17
Planning with the Master	31
Studying the Guidebook	49
Our Traveling Companion	67
Our Helper Along the Way	81
Serving as We Go	97
When the Road Forks	117
The Price of It All	133
The End of the Way	155

As I Go on My Way

My life shall touch a dozen lives before this day is done —
Leave countless marks for good or ill ere sets this evening's sun.
Shall fair or foul its imprint prove, on those my life shall hail?
Shall benison my impress be, or shall a blight prevail?

When to the last great reckoning the lives I meet must go,
Shall this wee, fleeting touch of mine have added joy or woe?
Shall He who looks their records o'er — of name and time and place —
Say, "Here a blessed influence came," or, "Here is evil's trace"?

From out each point of contact of my life with other lives
Flows ever that which helps the one who for the summit strives?
The troubled souls encountered, does it sweeten with its touch,
Or does it more embitter those embittered overmuch?

Does love through every handclasp flow in sympathy's caress?
Do those that I have greeted know a newborn hopefulness?
Are tolerance and charity the keynote of my song,
As I go plodding onward with earth's eager, anxious throng?

My life must touch a million lives in some way ere I go
From this dear world of struggle to the land I do not know.
So this the wish I always wish, the prayer I ever pray:
Let my life help the other lives it touches by the way!

— *Strickland Gillilan.*

From Defeat to Victory

CHAPTER I

"DR. ELLIOT," began a New York banker, when he and his pastor were seated for a quiet heart-to-heart talk, "I am an unhappy, disappointed man."

This was a bit surprising to the minister. To him, the banker had always appeared well satisfied. He had been unusually successful in business; he had a charming family, and everything to make life comfortable and satisfying. Everything, did I say? No, not everything. There was one thing he lacked.

"What is your trouble?" asked the minister quietly.

"My trouble," continued the banker, with a deep-drawn sigh, "is that although I am a Christian, I have never let God have His way with me. He called me to preach, when I was a young man in college. Oh, there is no mistaking it! I knew then, and I know now, that it was His call. But I wanted to make money and reach an independent position; and so I turned a deaf ear to His call and went my own way. After graduation, I plunged into money-making, and I have amassed what even men in New York call a fortune; but it doesn't satisfy. I am dissatisfied, and thoroughly unhappy."

I am wondering if the fires of discontent are smoldering in your breast to-day! Is

there a deep unsatisfied longing in your heart? Are you seeking money, in the hope that wealth will satisfy this longing? Or are you praying God to bring the desired change in your circumstances, that you may be a better Christian? Or have you lived long enough with yourself to know that the relief for which you sigh can neither come nor yet depart through either of these avenues? Well, it cannot. But there is a way to satisfy these longings that lie like burning coals in our aching hearts. Yes, there is one way, and only one way.

"I have never let God have His way with me." There lay the secret of the great disappointment in life that was making the New York banker unhappy. Failure to let God control his life, he sadly confessed, was the cause of his disappointment — yes, his failure in life.

Now let us apply his experience to our own lives, as in all sincerity, and without self-pity, we seek for the cause of our own failures or our unhappiness. Yet need we seek for the cause? Have not our own hearts already told us that to live the truly happy, the really worth-while life, we must let God have His way with us? The life fully controlled by God is the life that wins. That is the victorious life. That is the life in which true

happiness abides, and from which flow blessings that make the lives of others radiant.

The Bible gives us a true picture of the life that wins. Its pages abound in illustrations. And in the chamber of secret prayer, the Master helps us to learn the lessons which that wonderful Book teaches. But to know personally a Christian who lives a triumphant Christian life amid the humdrum of the daily routine, forces the lessons home to our hearts in a peculiarly human way.

A victorious-life Christian is such a comfortable person to be with! Your name is safe with him, for his heart is pure, and gossip does not stain his lips. Your purse is safe with him, for he does not covet your gold. He does not trouble you with his worries, for he trusts God; and while it is true that he who worries cannot trust, it is equally true that he who trusts cannot worry. You do not suffer, at his hands, from impatience, irritability, jealousy, or any of the kindred sins that make us and our friends so uncomfortable; for by the grace of God, he has put these away. His life is clean and strong, a veritable Gibraltar of purity, against which the tempter hurls his arrows in vain. He has passed from defeat to victory.

The Christian who lives such a life reminds me of a white flower that grew near a coal mine. Constantly there was a cloud of coal

dust in the air; but the flower remained unsullied. A miner threw a handful of coal dust on it; but not a particle remained on the snowy petals. What was the reason?—Simply this: God had covered it with a substance that kept the coal dust from sticking. Just so He covers the victorious life with the blood of Christ, and that is a substance sin cannot penetrate.

But perhaps the victorious life shines most brightly in the field of service; for its motto truly is, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." I have had the privilege of knowing many noble Christians whose lives are beautiful interpretations of the service side of the victorious life. One of these happy, successful Christians first touched my life almost two decades ago, when she came to a sanitarium in search of health. She was a woman of keen intellect, of high ideals; a woman who was loyal to her own convictions, regardless of the opinions of neighbors and friends. During the time of her stay at the sanitarium, the joys of a fully surrendered Christian life were presented to her. With her, to see truth was to obey it.

So she went home a genuine Christian. Hers was no half-hearted conversion. She would be an extraordinary Christian or none at all. She had a good business education, and her services were sought by various insti-

tutions. But it was impossible for her to leave home for more than short intervals, nor has it been possible since. How many Christians would have folded their hands, and said: "Well, I am tied down at home; there is nothing I can do. I will just try to live a consistent Christian life before my neighbors — that is all I can do."

But there has been no time for folded hands in this woman's interpretation of the consistent life. To her, a consistent life calls for two things — an inward life of devotion to God, and an outward life of service for others. And she does serve. There is probably not a child in the town where she lives who does not look upon her as a friend in time of trouble and almost unconsciously turn to her for help. There probably is not a poor family for miles around that has not been cheered with her presence in the home and helped by her hands or her purse. There is not a wealthy home in that town that does not respect her name and count her the "good Samaritan."

And what makes her life so valuable to others? Cold words in print cannot unfold the mystery of this unselfish life, which, like the modest rose, fills the air about it with sweet fragrance. To attempt an explanation would require a volume. However, could you follow her through a week of service, you

would begin to comprehend. Her home folks could give you the home picture of her life; the old colored woman to whom she often reads on Sunday afternoon would add a chapter of praise; the mothers whose children she has nursed back to health from the very gates of death would contribute pages of gratitude; the school children would joyfully pay tribute to her who has taught them habits of thrift and inculcated in their minds and hearts higher ideals; the women whom she has inspired to live less self-centered lives would testify; and scores of others would beg you to receive their testimonials of gratitude for the loving-kindness of a woman who lives the life that wins.

And day by day, week by week, year by year, she goes on in the path of loving service for others, heeding no weariness. Of course, she is busy, just as you and I are; and she gets tired, too; but her first purpose is to live to bless others, to go about doing good, just as Jesus did. And so, by eliminating the nonessentials that tie some of the rest of us down, she gives the Master and His service first place.

The community in which she lives is very much like most others you and I have known; no more needy than yours or mine, no easier to serve. Doubtless should she move into our community, it would feel her presence just as

her own community now does; for the secret of her life of service is not in her particular environment. It is in her. She ever has "a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize"; and her hands minister to the needs of others before they turn to her own.

But there is another secret back of this. There is in her home a quiet corner that could reveal to us that secret. There early each day she has an unhurried visit with the Master. She studies her Bible, and communes with her Father in prayer. These times of regular communion make her life strong to resist wrong, and beautiful in its Christian simplicity. They have turned her defeats into victories. They are the secret of her victorious life.

Such a life, however, calls for self-denial. And sometimes a bit of disappointment in this world is necessary to make us realize that the life of self-denial — self-denial under the Master's direct supervision — is the path to lasting happiness and to true worth. Still, on every hand, we find lives that prove this paradoxical truth. Just last evening, a young woman, in speaking of a friend who has wandered away from God's plan for him, said, "He's an excellent physician, with a big practice, and a fine car to use for pleasure; but he seems extremely unhappy." Of course he is unhappy. More than that, he is dwarf-

ing his life; for true happiness and genuine success lie only in the path of self-denial.

And — but let us say it softly — we too are mortgaging our happiness and dwarfing our usefulness if we are not letting God have His way with us. There is no true living without the giving of self. And the victory you and I need most of all to win is the defeat of self.

Think for a moment of the student founders of the Haystack Band. They caught a vision of the life that wins, and saw clearly that it can be found only in the path of self-denial. They gave themselves and their all. "Those students," says Dr. J. R. Mott, "fasted twice a week and gave freely of their property." And out of their self-denial came the modern missionary movement of North America. A host of other names you and I could add as we think of lives that have lifted us and others. Truly the self-denying life is the strong life. It is the victorious life. It is the life that grows more and more satisfying as one travels toward the western slope. We have yet to hear of one who has regretted choosing to "let go" and to "let God" — regretted choosing to live the life that wins. And let us add, no one ever will regret living it. How could one?

The life that wins is God's greatest miracle on earth to-day; and to live it is the greatest opportunity that comes to mortal man. God

Himself takes charge of that life, shielding it, directing it, enriching it, and using it. What a wonderful arrangement! Only divine love would condescend to offer it; only omnipotent power can make it possible—possible so far as God is concerned. One more thing, however, is needed to complete the arrangement. And that is a willing heart, a surrendered life.

"But what does the life that wins really mean to an individual?" you ask again. To the youth in hot-footed pursuit of some chosen goal, it means success. To the aged, tottering on the edge of the grave, it means the blessed assurance of eternal life. All along the way, in all the vicissitudes of life, it brings just the blessings that are needed. In conflicts with the enemy, that life wins. In service it wins. Always it wins. Everywhere it wins. For after all, it is God's life lived over again in a bit of human flesh. When He controls, failure dare not come—not real failure. To the sorrowful, this life brings comfort; to the discouraged, new hope; to the lonely, companionship; to the poor, riches which this world can neither give nor take away. It does all this for the learned man who accepts it. It does all this for the native of the regions beyond who finds in Christ a Saviour from sin. It does all this for anyone and everyone who meets God's terms.

This morning, as I look out from my window, I see the trees. It is winter. The autumn frosts have stripped the branches of their glorious foliage. To-day the trees, stretching out their naked arms, are defying the chilling blasts. How strong they look, these reliable friends of nature! Somehow, as we look at the huge temples of green swaying in the summer zephyrs, we almost forget the strong framework that supports the waving leaves, and gives life to each tiny blade. But winter helps us to see and understand.

So in the life that wins. Often even those who have chosen to live it do not sense its value when the days are filled with plenty. Sometimes the Father must take away from us some of our blessings in order to help us to appreciate the great blessing upon which all others hang. Perhaps it is only beside some Cherith, after the laughing, rollicking stream has dried up and become only a winding path of stones, scorching in the sun, that you and I shall catch a true vision of what the life that wins really means to us. We may be called to sit beside the drying brook of friendship slowly dwindling away through death and separation; or the drying brook of health wasting away under some subtle but fatal disease; or it may be the drying brook of success vanishing through an unbroken series of failures. But through all these, the

life that wins changes not. It has been stripped of many blessings we thought integral parts. But, like the bare trees on a winter day, it stands forth, defying the storms of time. It cannot fail, for God is its author. And little by little, as the dust of common things is washed from our eyes, shall we see clearly, even through our tears, that although God has given us many blessings, the greatest of these is the life that wins.

Then why do not all Christians live this triumphant life? But let us bring that question nearer home: Are you and I living the life that wins? If not, why not? If we fail to live it, we are dishonoring God, and defrauding ourselves as well as our neighbor. If we will live the life that wins, we shall have wisdom to see the right, courage to choose it, and strength to do it. We shall pass from a life of defeat to one of victory. God would have us live it. And just now the Master is quietly pleading with you and me to let Him come in and live His life over again in us, that we may live this triumphant life. He is waiting for our decision. What shall we say to His invitation to live the life that wins?

Gethsemane

In golden youth, when seems the earth
A summer land for singing mirth,
When souls are glad and hearts are light,
And not a shadow lurks in sight,
We do not know it, but there lies
Somewhere, veiled under evening skies,
A garden each must sometime see,
  Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
  Somewhere his own Gethsemane.

With joyous steps we go our ways;
Love lends a halo to the days;
Light sorrows sail like clouds, afar;
We laugh, and say how strong we are:
We hurry on, and hurrying, go
Close to the borderland of woe
That waits for you and waits for me.
  Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
  Forever waits Gethsemane.

Down shadowy lanes, across strange streams
Bridged over by our broken dreams,
Behind the misty cape of years,
Close to the great salt font of tears,
The garden lies; strive as you may,
You cannot miss it in your way.
  All paths that have been or shall be,
  Pass somewhere through Gethsemane.

All those who journey, soon or late
Must pass within the garden's gate;
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who cannot say,
"Not mine, but Thine;" who only pray,
"Let this cup pass," and cannot see
The purpose in Gethsemane,
  Gethsemane, Gethsemane!
  God help us through Gethsemane!

— *Author Unknown.*

Difficulties in the Way

CHAPTER II

WE were spending a few hours at a sanitarium; and while my friends strolled about the grounds, I sat on the wide veranda, gazing at the beautiful mountains around us. Memory was playing sweet interludes upon quivering heartstrings; for those mountains were old friends whom I had been longing to see. And as I sat there, I saw them again, in rain and sunshine, in their morning glory and their evening solemnity, in their springtime freshness and in their autumn grandeur. But back of all changes, they were still the same changeless friends! There they stood in their sublime majesty, ever pointing to their Maker and mine.

Presently my reveries were interrupted. Two young women — evidently patients — took seats just behind me, and began to talk earnestly. Unconsciously I let a bit of their conversation drift in upon my meditations. The sad yet strong and courageous voice of the speaker attracted my attention.

"My trouble," she began, "is very serious; the doctor does not give me much hope, and I really do not care to live if I cannot get well."

This was practically all I heard. My ears were too full for more, and my eyes too dim to see the mountains smiling down upon us; so, lifting my heart in silent gratitude, I gazed at the hills whence comes our strength to meet all the vicissitudes of life.

"I really do not care to live if I cannot get well." Those words have never faded from my memory. Again and again they come to me. Frequently they have called to serious meditation when I have said to the Father, very quietly but very thoughtfully, "Father, I really do not care to profess to be a Christian, unless I can live the life that wins." Then I have remembered His promise of keeping power, and gone forth to face the world with this sweet assurance: "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape." 1 Corinthians 10:13.

This is a wonderful promise to carry with us through the unknown day. But the tempter is always near to snatch it away from us at an unguarded moment. You and I know just what that means. Did he never put up a "Road Closed" sign across the "way to escape" provided for you? Perhaps for a time you did not recognize it as his sign. He seemed so sympathetic as he pointed to the sign, and said: "Yes, it is very desirable to

live the life that wins; and some day, things will change so that you can be the extraordinary Christian you long to become. But really you cannot do better than you are doing, under the present circumstances." That is one of his stock speeches.

But often he comes, not as a sympathetic friend, but as an accuser. Perhaps he finds us a little blue around the edges because something has gone wrong. "So you have fallen again!" he sneeringly remarks. "What's the use in your trying? You're a failure anyway." And often we have given too much thought to the tempter's arguments, even going so far as to believe his pernicious lies.

But let us put it down as a tested truth that every temptation has a lie in it somewhere; and let us never forget this one great fact, that although we cannot go where the tempter cannot attack us, we need never be defeated by him. We may always overcome him and be victorious. Always? Yes, always! And while this is true, it is also comforting to know that as our Christian experience deepens, many former temptations lose their power. They cease to tempt us, and we live above them.

Yes, the tempter will find us wherever we are. We cannot escape temptations. They are bound to come. Solitude has its tempta-

tions, as well as society. But most of us encounter more than those which lie in wait for us along the path of duty. Now and then we wander away to gaze at the forbidden fruit. And when we do, we are almost sure to fail, just as Eve did, and just as Achan did a few centuries later. A temptation that rises up before us in the path of duty is a call to *fight;* but a temptation that we have gone out of our way to find is a call to *flee.* We cannot overcome in the tempter's country.

It is told that at the siege of Namur, William III of Orange saw Godfrey, a deputy governor of the Bank of England, standing in a dangerous place. He had come to the camp on business, and his curiosity led him out on the battle field.

"What are you doing here?" demanded William. "You have no business here, and have no right to run these hazards."

"But, my dear Majesty, I run no more risk than you do."

"Not so; I am where duty calls me, and without presumption may commit my life to the care of God; but you—"

His sentence was not finished, for at that moment, a cannon ball killed the unfortunate man whose curiosity had led him into unnecessary danger.

Now let me ask you quietly: Do you really desire to be kept from sin? or is it the fear of the results of wrongdoing that keeps you from it? Do you realize that, as Horace Mann once said, "Whoever yields to temptation submits himself to the law of falling bodies"? This is a truth we cannot emphasize too much in our own hearts; for every sin we harbor, however small, is a magnet drawing other sins into our lives and dragging us down. We pray, "Lead us not into temptation;" but are we coöperating by trying to keep away from temptation? Truly, as Ruskin has said, "No one can ask honestly and hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has honestly and firmly determined to keep out of it."

"But why am I tempted?" you ask. The answer will depend upon your viewpoint. Always remember, however, that when you slip out of the path of duty and go browsing in the "pleasant" pastures of sin, you will have more temptations than your heavenly Father desires you to have. In one sense, we really make many of our own temptations. Our appetites become perverted, and lead us on and on, while blunted senses and a seared conscience almost fail to warn us of the danger ahead.

God would not have it so. He would have us stand firm for the right; and if you and I follow closely where He guides, we shall always find a way of escape. Think what that will mean! It is often the tree that lives for years on the storm-swept plain, that is ready for the highest polish and can be of the most valuable service; and if we stand firm for right, the temptations about us will be to our lives what the storms are to the oak. That is why God permits temptations to sweep across your path of duty. He wishes to use them to develop in you a character of very high quality, for He desires to use your life to render important service for Him.

But the tempter has an entirely different reason for tempting you. He has lost his position in heaven, and is determined to do his utmost to get you to lose the one that is waiting for you. He is determined to do all in his power to keep you from being victorious from day to day. That is why he tempts you. O that you and I would realize this, and answer the tempter as did Billy Bray, the Cornish evangelist! One day, when sorely tempted, Billy Bray said to his wily adviser: "Thee is a pretty feller to give a man advice. Thee had a good situation theeself, and thee lost it; and thee wants me to lose mine too,

does thee?" Yes, that is exactly why he is tempting *you* to-day.

There is something dreadfully lonely about these temptations of ours. Our friends help us a great deal and save us from many defeats; but the fiercest battles are fought alone in the shades of our own Gethsemanes or by some lonely Jabbok. And upon the outcome of these lonely conflicts hang all the issues of life.

One day, a beautiful tree went down in a storm. People marveled. "Why?" asked the astonished passers-by. But they soon learned. Its heart had been honeycombed by small insects, and it could resist the storms of the season no longer. Down it went with a crash! Just so with some people. To the casual observer, they live respectable lives; and they pass for Christians in good standing, till some day you hear: "Why, I am so surprised! I never thought so-and-so would lose out."

But could you cross the border into the Gethsemane of the person who went down, you would understand. For it is in that lonely secret place that the life-and-death struggle with the tempter takes place. There you and I win our victories alone, or go down in ignominious defeat. A feeling of awful and desolate loneliness grips us. Alone?

Yes; no, not alone. There is One who will kneel with us in Gethsemane. There is One who can enter the secret place and vanquish the foe. And here is another bit of the silver lining of this cloud: He longs to come in and give us victory. If He is not in to-night, He is waiting for us to let Him in. And here, dear friend, is a rule that has no exceptions: *If Christ is in the heart, the enemy cannot defeat us; but if Christ is not in, we cannot defeat the enemy.*

If Satan did not disguise his snares, if he did not bait his hooks, if he would leave the sugar coating off those bitter poisons he passes out, it would not take such close detective work to steer clear of him. If he would not attack us all unawares, and frequently use some one we love to entice us to do wrong, we should know when to prepare for battle. If he would ask us to do our worst, to turn around and head for ruin, we probably should say firmly, "Get thee behind me." But Satan has made it his business to deceive. No bells ring to warn us that a decisive moment has come. Unannounced, the tempter steals up behind us to paint the picture before us bright with hope, or black with despair, as will best serve his purpose.

Then how can we know? How can we take the course of safety first? These are not easy

questions to answer. In fact, you and I should not only obtain help from more experienced Christians with regard to these questions, but we should study them alone with God and His word.

Just the other day, when discussing a similar question, a young woman said to me: "Well, I surely wouldn't do it if my conscience hurt me. But it doesn't." "And are you sure it should not be hurting you?" I ventured to ask. Conscience is not a safe guide unless "this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." You and I must keep our conscience in tune with the word of God, if we would be able to depend upon it. Are you tempted to become discouraged over the inconsistencies of others, which Satan keeps telling you about until you just cannot help seeing them? Is it hard to give up the worldly position that would bring you five times as much salary as you can draw in soul-winning work? Well, it must be at times. But hold on. Don't be hasty. Talk things over with God. Study His word. Pray earnestly. Be sure you get your orders from Him before you move. That is safety first.

A young man in college recently said to a friend, "College students in general consider it a weakness to confess that they are not able

to master a habit or to overcome evil." Right here lies one of our greatest dangers,—the danger of underestimating the power and skill of the adversary of our souls.

We seem to forget that he was once a leading angel in the courts of heaven, and that we cannot possibly compete with him. He recognizes only one Master, and only as we let that Master meet the foe for us can we be victorious. We need to follow the example of the little girl who said: "When Satan knocks at my heart, I always ask Jesus to answer. And when Satan sees Jesus there, he says, 'Oh, excuse me! I see I came to the wrong door.'"

Another great danger arises from our desire to "do it *just this once.*" "Of course, I wouldn't think of doing it regularly," said a young person the other day, "but just once can do no harm." Still, it has been proved over and over again that "just this once" is really signing the tempter's pledge to sin again. Think what "just this once" meant to Eve, to Achan, to Gehazi, and to hosts of others! But on the other hand, look at the heroic Christians who refused to yield to temptation even just once. Joseph in the courts of Pharaoh, Daniel in Babylon, Esther in Medo-Persia, however severely they may have been tempted to yield "just this once,"

kept their covenant with God. And, oh, the difference it makes to us that they said "No" to the tempter, regardless of all consequences!

Our third danger is that we shall lose our sensitiveness to sin. Every time we yield to temptation, we not only weaken our will power to resist, but our sense of the sinfulness of sin loses its keenness. "Things surely look different to me," said a young person who was attending moving picture shows. "I used to think it wicked to go to the movies." Others were putting this one-time earnest Christian on their prayer lists. Still he did not seem to sense his danger. Truly, the deceitfulness of sin is appalling. But never forget that sin is still sin, no matter how it may look to you and to me. Only when we abide in the presence of the Master can we get His viewpoint, and preserve our sensitiveness to sin.

And now let us look back for a moment into ancient history. It has a lesson for us to-day. Israel had begun the conquest of the promised land. Jericho had been captured. But, alas, the glorious victory of Jericho was followed by the humiliating defeat at Ai. What did that defeat mean? Joshua knew. It meant that something was wrong in Israel. He also knew that with such a foe within the camp, they could never hope to overcome their enemies without. And mark

well that he was not too busy in his campaign to get rid of sin. Down in the valley of Achor, they wiped out the sin that troubled them. And after they had gained the victory within, they were ready for victories without; as Hosea says, the valley of Achor became the door of hope.

Too much is at stake to-day. We are at war with the enemy of souls. There is much to be done. But if we yield to temptation, we may be the cause of an Ai in the great soul-winning campaign in which we are engaged. Not only for our own sake must we flee from temptation; the needs of those about us call upon us to be strong and quit ourselves like Joseph, like Esther, and like a host of others. Some standing near are leaning on us. If we go down in the hour of temptation, what will happen to them? Then, too, the Master is calling on us to be strong for the finishing of the work. If we slip out of the ranks "just this once," to yield to temptation, what then? There is only one heroic thing to do: When we have met defeat, we must follow our defeat of Ai with the victory of Achor — a quiet, strong, complete victory over the temptation that led us astray.

But, friends, too much is at stake. Time is short. The laborers are few, and great

indeed is the harvest. No, we must not fail even this once. However alluring that questionable pleasure or that doubtful position may be, let us like Nehemiah tell the tempter, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down." Then let us work on and be of good courage; for yoked up with Jesus in soul-winning work, we shall be kept close to Him, and find the way of escape from the temptations about us.

Ask, and Ye Shall Receive

O PRAYING one, who long has prayed,
And yet no answer heard,
Have ye been sometimes half afraid
God might not keep His word?
Seems prayer to fall on deafened ears?
Does Heaven seem blind and dumb?
Is hope deferred? Believe — believe —
The answer time will come!

"Ask what ye will"— His word is true,
His power is all divine;
Ye cannot test His love too far;
His utmost shall be thine.
God does not mock believing prayer;
Ye shall not go unfed.
He gives no serpent for a fish,
Nor gives He stones for bread.

Thy inmost longings may be told;
The hopes that turned to shame,
The empty life, the thwarted plans,
The good that never came.
Say not, "The promise is not mine,
God did not hear me pray;
I prayed, I trusted fully, but
The grave hath barred the way."

God heard thee — He hath not forgot;
Faith shall at length prevail;
Yea — know it! Not one smallest jot
Of all His word can fail.
For if ye truly have believed,
Not vain hath been thy prayer!
As God is true, thy hope shall come —
Sometime, someway, somewhere.

— *Mrs. Havens.*

Planning with the Master

CHAPTER III

THE duties of the day had been laid aside; some finished, others to be resumed when the curtains of night should recede and make to-morrow another to-day. The noise on the street had subsided; and even the boisterous winds had yielded to the "Peace, be still." Everywhere the hush of eventide called to quiet meditation; and somewhere a voice seemed to say, "Be still, and know that I am God."

Then followed a quiet, all-alone visit with the Master; and while I sat there thinking seriously about the life that wins — the life that God would have each one of us live — the story of Brooklyn Bridge crossed my mind. Strange thoughts for meditation! you say. Yes. But somehow the soft light of evening reveries revealed in that oft-told story a wonderful lesson to me.

Perhaps you remember the experience of the engineer whose mind conceived Brooklyn Bridge. He was injured while it was far from completion, and for long months was confined to his room. But his assistants carried on the work. On the sick-bed, his skillful hand drafted the plans, and his faithful wife carried them to the workmen. At last, the

bridge was finished. From his cot, he viewed the magnificent structure. His well-trained eye critically scrutinized the huge anchorage, the massive piers, the strong cables. He seemed to take in every detail. There stood his dream. His plans and specifications had been carried out perfectly. How it thrilled his heart! In ecstasy of joy, he cried out: "It's just like the plan! *It's just like the plan!*"

That is the story; and as I thought of it in the hush of the evening, my heart sighed, O that the Master, as He looks over my life for to-day, could say, "It's just like the plan!" But, alas, He could not. I knew that. I had felt His presence. The little visit had been so comforting in many ways! He seemed more real and more precious to me than ever before. Tenderly, kindly, sympathetically, sadly, He called my attention to the mistakes of the day. But I knew He did it for my good, and it grieved me deeply to think I had fallen short of His plan for me. Had I not promised Him to live the life that wins? And had He not promised to supply the strength to do it? Then why had I failed?

The experience of a certain young woman flashed into my mind. We were childhood chums. When budding into womanhood, we entered the same training school. One evening, shortly after matriculating, she said to

me: "I don't see why we should open our physiology class with prayer. We haven't any too much time for the recitation anyway. Of course, I think it is all right to open our Bible class with prayer; but I certainly do not approve of our wasting the time of our physiology class in that way."

More than two decades have passed since that evening visit. But somehow, these words have never faded from my mind; and often, as I think of that childhood friend, who in early womanhood strayed from the path that leads heavenward, and is to-day without hope and without God in the world, do these words come back as a solemn warning to me. She wandered away because she did not have time to pray. And I tremble to think where the sin of prayerlessness will lead me if I do not let the Lord deliver me from it.

No time to pray! If you and I have no time to pray, need we wonder why we mar Heaven's plan for our lives? The Master Workman has been called home; but He has made ample provision for the completion of His plan for your life and mine. It only remains for us to keep in touch with Him. That is all, but that one thing is absolutely necessary; and the avenue of communion is prayer.

This is not theory, but solid truth. Many have proved its merits. At a certain confer-

ence, Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston told of a missionary in India who demonstrated the power of prayer. A remarkable revival was on in India, and the revival fires centered around this missionary. The natives called Mr. Hyde—for that was the missionary's name—"the sahib who sleeps little and prays much," and everybody knew to whom they referred. "There was only one man in all India at that time who answered to that description," said Dr. Johnston, "but there was one." Mr. Hyde prayed much, lived victoriously, worked mightily upon hearts.

During a great Welsh revival, a very humble minister was having extraordinary success. His life was a power among men. A fellow worker in the revival movement heard of the phenomenal power attending his ministry, and one day he wended his way to the humble cottage of this far-famed minister. "Brother, what is the secret of your success?" asked the visitor eagerly. He was then taken into a poorly furnished room, and his attention directed to a spot where the carpet was worn through. It was near a window from which the mountains in all their solemn grandeur could be seen.

"Brother," confessed the minister humbly, "that is where I get my power to live for God and to serve my fellow men. One evening, I knelt there, and cried for power to preach as

I had never preached before. The hours passed until midnight struck, and the stars looked down on a sleeping valley and the silent hills; but the answer came not, so I prayed on until at length I saw a faint gray shoot up in the east. Presently it became silver, and I watched and prayed until the silver became purple and gold, and on all the mountain crests blazed the altar fires of the new day; and then my message came and the power came, and I lay down and slept, and arose and preached, and scores fell down before God. That is my secret."

The answer given by a humble Chinese convert when he was asked what remedy he found most effective in delivering him from the opium habit, from idolatry, and from the fear of persecution, comes to my mind. His reply was, "Knee medicine." His questioners understood what he meant. He had found the king of medicines — the remedy that has succeeded where all others have failed; the remedy that has proved its efficacy in every clime, to every race, and in every kind of trouble. Scientific research has discovered marvelous remedies, but they all pale into insignificance before the never-failing panacea for human ills. There is absolutely nothing that will take the place of this remedy, in the life of an individual; and the sooner we learn it, the better for us.

But another demonstration of the power of prayer comes nearer home. A little woman of prayer came to spend the night with me. We had had a blessed good-night visit with the Master together. Then she went to the room where we were to sleep. A few minutes later I entered, and found her again on her knees. After a while, she arose, and explained: "You see I just must have a little all-alone visit with the Master. There are some things I have to talk over with Him alone — all alone."

I knew something of the joy and comfort of prayer then, but that little experience showed me that this friend knew far more about the joy and power of prayer than I did. Almost a decade has passed since that experience. Our paths have not often crossed. But once, when in her home, I found her prayer habit unchanged. Early in the morning, I would hear her tiptoe past my door, and enter her little study. There she would linger perhaps an hour or more in quiet communion with Heaven. Again in the evening, there was a similar unhurried visit.

And what of her life? you ask. Ah, just to know the strong, beautiful life she lives is itself an incontrovertible argument for the transforming power of prayer. She truly lives to the glory of God and for the good of others, and I think I never knew anyone

who succeeded better in doing it. Her life reminds me of the fire by the wall, of which we read in "Pilgrim's Progress." Christian discovered that it could not be extinguished, for it was fed by a stream of oil that flowed through a crevice in the wall. Even so, nothing puts out the light of this Christian. The obstacles, the trials, the perplexities, the flatteries, the great things and the little that the hand of time hurls into the pathway of this earnest Christian, only feed the flame, and cause the light of her victorious life to send brighter and still brighter rays of light into the hearts of those around her.

These friends, together with a host of others who have lived a life of close communion with the Master, have found prayer the great secret of victory day by day. And so it is. Prayer is the source of the victorious life, and there is no other. Cortland Myers has well said that "all life and all service is dependent upon prayer, not the form and ceremony, but the faith and the force." The Master promised us what prayer—real prayer—would do; and then, to help us to understand what He meant, He proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that it would do all that He promised.

"But prayer does not mean victory in my life," exclaims a struggling soul. And you and I have had the same experience. We know what it is to pray and to fail. Still, let

us not forget that what prayer has done for others, it can do for us. Here is even a stronger truth, one we dare not utter without hushed voices: What prayer did for Jesus, it can do for you and me. Never man spoke as He spoke, because never man lived as He lived; and He lived as never man lived, because *never man prayed as He prayed.*

Prayer is more powerful than habits, heredity, and natural tendencies. It can overcome all these. It is more powerful than the forces that hold the planets in place. Prayer, though it comes from the heart of an unlearned child of God, can suspend the laws of the universe, if such be God's will, just as the sun stood still when Joshua prayed. There is no other power on earth that the enemy of souls hates and fears as he does prayer. We are told that "Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees."

Set this down as a settled fact: It is entirely vain for you and me to try to live the life that wins, in any other way than the way in which the Master lived it. Behind His victorious life was a continuous prayer life. Let us notice briefly a few pictures of Him: "He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed" (Mark 1:35); "as He was alone praying" (Luke 9:18); "went up into a mountain to pray" (Luke 9:28); "as He was praying" (Luke 11:1). These

few verbal snapshots show the life habits of Jesus. With Him, to live was to pray. "Would that we might learn from our Lord Jesus," exclaims Andrew Murray in one of his appeals, "how impossible it is to walk with God, to obtain God's blessing or leading, or to do His work joyously and fruitfully, apart from close, unbroken fellowship with Him who is ever a living fountain of spiritual life and power."

But most of us do not learn that lesson readily. Some of us have a habit of dabbling in prayer. We utter a few hurried words for guidance in the morning and perhaps at noon. We pour out a torrent of confessions into the Father's ears at night. But we do not know what it is to spend hours in uninterrupted prayer as the Saviour did. We do not know what it is to continue all night in prayer as He did. We do not know how to tarry in Gethsemane in prayer until we can say: "Father, though it cost me my life, have Thine own way with me. Above all, let me glorify Thee in my life to-day and always." Some of us, says an experienced soul-winner, do not know how to spend even thirty minutes alone with God.

Are not you and I expecting a superficial prayer habit to produce in us a deep Christian experience that will enable us to live victoriously every day? But if we have fallen into

the sin of prayerlessness, can we expect victory? If the enemy has taken away our weapon of warfare, wherewith can we strike for liberty? If he has already defeated us in secret, how can we expect to be victorious in open conflict? Let us repeat the great possibilities of prayer over and over to our doubting minds, until the reality of prayer sinks deep into our hearts. Then let us ask the Lord humbly and earnestly, sincerely and persistently, to cleanse us from the awful sin of prayerlessness.

And now let us who have lived the superficial prayer life or have failed altogether to pray, lay aside self pity and look within for a moment. To be really honest with ourselves, we may have to admit that the difficulty in the whole matter lies right here: We desire to pray in the Spirit, and at the same time to walk in the flesh. We desire to have power to do right, yet we are unwilling to let go certain sins to whose gross sinfulness our eyes are blinded. We are asking God to send power for us to use as our selfish hearts shall dictate. We are asking Him for peace in sin, when it can come only apart from sin.

What a pity that after all the Master has told us, and after all the experiences of others recorded for our admonition, we should still try "by Beelzebub to cast out Beelzebub."

Such a course can bring nothing but defeat and disappointment. Life's greatest victories and sweetest joys are for those who live the true prayer life. But the selfish prayer is a counterfeit. It cannot transform lives. How can God answer the prayer which the lips utter when the heart is bound to have its own way? When we pray thus, are we not asking God to send troops to fight on the side of the enemy? Dare we be so inconsistent?

There was on the battle field of Waterloo a farmhouse which Wellington saw occupied the strategic place. That was the key to the situation. He must get it, whatever the cost. He reached it; and when it was once gained, he spared nothing, not even the lives of his troops, to hold it. Victory depended on retaining it. To lose it, would mean defeat. On the battle field of the victorious life also there is a strategic place. It is the place of unconditional surrender. It is the place where the Christian can pray "in His name." Victory depends on our reaching that place, cost what it may. And when we have settled that fact, and are willing to pay any price to gain the strategic place on life's battle field, we have found the secret of the victorious life.

All nature obeys certain laws; all machinery moves in accordance with the laws that govern it; health is contingent on obedience to certain laws of nature. We realize this; but we must

also realize that in the realm of prayer, certain laws, or conditions, obtain. These must not be disregarded. Every Christian should learn the laws that govern successful praying; and every Christian may learn them, for they are so simple that every honest heart that seeks God may understand them. We shall learn a great deal about the laws of prayer in secret communion with our Father. If anything in our lives is hindering His hearing and answering our prayers, He will point it out as we spread our requests before Him. And when He hangs up a hindrance before our eyes, or when His Book points out sin, let us not argue. Arguing hinders our reaching the strategic place of victory. Let us say, "Father, although I do not see how this can hinder Your answering my prayer, I know You are right, so help me to put this thing out of my life."

The enemy of souls will do all in his power to keep you from reaching the strategic point on life's battle field,—the place where you can sincerely pray "in His name." Satan is more interested in prayer than in any other subject in the universe. Do you ask why? Ah, he knows its power! If he can make the Christian content with only a superficial prayer habit; if he can persuade him to resort to counterfeit prayer, or if he can somehow crowd out prayer,—then he knows he has his

victim, no matter what may be that Christian's creed, position, or fame.

And on the other hand, he knows that all the demons in hell cannot hold captive the man or woman *who prays.* I do not mean the one who says prayers, nor the one who lifts one hand to God and lets Satan clasp the other, but the one *who prays.* No one knows better than Satan that the child of God *can* conquer everything with prayer, so he does his very utmost to snatch the weapon from our hands or to hinder our using it. "You will have more time a little later," he says sympathetically to the busy housewife. "Do this first, and then take time for prayer," he whispers to the business man whose desk groans with work.

Satan always tries to make sure of his victims in the morning, and he has found that his most subtle trap is to entice them to omit the quiet visit with the Master. If he succeeds here, he has not much fear of failing at any other time through the day; nor have we much hope of succeeding. What a pity we are so slow in awakening to this fact!

"Alone with God at the blush of morn,
Midst nature fresh and newly born,
'Tis then I see my Saviour's face
All radiant with redeeming grace.

"These quiet moments lend to me
Sweet sounds of heavenly melody;

And in my life, from day to day,
They cast a mold on mortal clay,

"A mold well fashioned by a hand
Whose love my life, my strength demands.
Filled with this matchless love so free,
My bark shall face life's restless sea.

"These moments linger through life's day;
They are my shield, my life, my stay.
Then, at the close of setting sun,
To the sweet hour of prayer I come;

"And then, in tones of joyous praise,
My voice in gratitude I raise
To Him who hath in mercy led,
And blessed with hope the path I tread."

Prayer must mean everything to the victorious Christian. But before it can, he must *know for himself* that God hears and answers prayer. David *knew* that God heard him when he prayed. Daniel would never have gone to the lions' den rather than forego the privilege of prayer, *had he not known,* beyond the shadow of doubt, *that God heard prayer.* Our Saviour, when on earth, *knew* that God heard prayer. David Brainerd did not toss his words idly into the darkness when he prayed all night in the woods. He was talking with God, and he *knew* that God heard him. The Christian men and women in all lands, and in all ages, who have saturated their lives with prayer, *have known* for themselves that God hears the sincere petitions that are sent up to Him.

A scientist is said to have declared that prayer is the greatest power in the universe, but that Christians do not know it. That is the stigma on our religion. We do not know the power of prayer, because we do not know for ourselves that God really does hear prayer. We do not test Him; we content ourselves with making prayer a sort of vocal gymnastics.

But God desires prayer to mean more, far more, than that to you. He desires that you shall know for yourself that He hears prayers and that He hears *your* prayers. He loves you; He sympathizes with you; He feels every heartache you have; He knows that you can never be truly happy unless you *learn how to pray and receive.* He wishes you to learn how to draw upon the bank of heaven enough to supply all your needs liberally. He longs for you to enjoy the privilege of prayer to the fullest extent, in order that you may be all that you have told Him you desire to become.

But all the glorious answers recorded in mission literature or even in the Bible, all the persuasive arguments, the learned discourses, and the polished eloquence on prayer, cannot do so much for you as a little Ebenezer of your own. Have you such an Ebenezer set up somewhere along the road you have traveled? Do you remember asking God for something very definite until the answer

came? That is a good beginning. Do not let Satan cover up this landmark. Look back to it often, and say, "There the Lord heard me." Then erect other such landmarks as fast as you can.

One day a stranger visited the old cathedral in Freiburg. His interest was centered in the organ, which the old sexton took great pride in exhibiting. He asked for permission to play it, but was denied the privilege. He pleaded, but the sexton said that the instrument was so delicate he could not let him play it. Finally, however, because of his importunity, the visitor was permitted to seat himself at the organ. The old sexton was awe-stricken as he listened. Never before had such music rolled out from that organ. "Who are you?" he asked, as the stranger was leaving. "Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy," was the reply. After that, when the sexton exhibited the organ, he would say: "Ah, could you have heard it when Mendelssohn played! And think, I nearly forbade his playing upon it!"

Friends, a greater than Mendelssohn is here pleading for opportunity to play upon the heartstrings of our lives. He longs to bring out of them the sweet, strong, full, harmonious music of the victorious life. Shall we let Him? He, the Maker of heaven and earth, is willing to take the time to do it. Dare we say we are too busy for this most

important thing in life? Yes, He is willing to bring out the music if we will supply the heartstrings. What if we should fail to let Him? What if? But there must be no "if." We must not fail to let Him,—to let Him live over again in us His own beautiful victorious life, for that is the only life that wins.

"Still with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

"With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart;
To hear Thy voice, mid clamors loud,
Speak softly to my heart."

The Sufficing Bible

When I am tired, the Bible is my bed;
Or in the dark, the Bible is my light;
When I am hungry, it is vital bread;
Or fearful, it is armor for the fight.
When I am sick, 'tis healing medicine;
Or lonely, thronging friends I find therein.

If I would work, the Bible is my tool;
Or play, it is a harp of happy sound;
If I am ignorant, it is my school;
If I am sinking, it is solid ground.
If I am cold, the Bible is my fire;
And it is wings, if boldly I aspire.

Should I be lost, the Bible is my guide;
Or naked, it is raiment rich and warm.
Am I imprisoned? it is ranges wide;
Or tempest-tossed? a shelter from the storm.
Would I adventure, 'tis a gallant sea;
Or would I rest, it is a flowery lea.

Does gloom oppress? the Bible is a sun;
Or ugliness? it is a garden fair.
Am I athirst? how cool its currents run!
Or stifled? what a vivifying air!
Since thus thou givest of thyself to me,
How should I give myself, great Book, to thee?

—*Amos R. Wells.*

Studying the Guidebook

CHAPTER IV

IT was a poor Russian home. The storm of Bolshevism had left it well-nigh desolate. All the furniture excepting one old wooden bedstead had been sold in order to buy food. One by one, the garments had been taken from the wardrobe, to satisfy the hungry mouths of a family of eight. Now that, too, was empty. Only the clothing on their backs remained. But words fail us. We cannot picture this destitute home. Our hearts may ache, but they cannot comprehend what each new day meant to that poverty-stricken father and mother and their six hungry children.

"What shall we do?" asked the father one day. He had just learned that it was now possible to secure a Bible, and the family had not owned one for a year. At that time, all their books, together with other treasures, had been confiscated.

There were a thousand rubles in the family treasury. But that sum to-day meant only about ten cents in American money.

"Shall I use the money we have left for bread or for a Bible?" asked the perplexed

father, turning to the equally perplexed mother.

"Let the children decide the matter."

"What shall I do, children?"

"Buy the Bible, father," was the unanimous decision.

"Yes, buy the Bible, father," added the mother; "for much as we need bread, we need the Bible much more in such a time as this."

Somehow that poor Russian family saw things in their true values. In the hour of supreme test, their love of God's word failed not. They looked starvation and probable death in the eye unflinchingly. If there was any money in the treasury, there was money for the Book of books. Sweeter than the bread that would nourish their starving bodies was the word of God.

"And what became of this family?" I asked the minister from Europe who had told me the story.

"I don't know," he said sadly. "We never succeeded in tracing them. They may have starved to death, but it is possible that they received help from the American relief."

Perhaps in the home above, you and I may learn from their own lips the hidden story of this family, if we too will learn to count the Bible more precious than life itself.

But let us turn to another picture.

In a summer conference of Christian workers in 1918, a group of men were talking about the lectures of one of the instructors. This man, a professor in a large school, had been recognized for years as a forceful speaker; but in the 1918 conference, his words carried with them compelling power. His appeals were irresistible. "Why?" they asked one another. So greatly were they impressed with the power of this man, that one of their number was delegated to interview him. They longed to know his secret, that they too might go forth from that conference endued with power for true living and effectual service. So one day the man appointed to interview the speaker lingered in the classroom where the studies were given. When he made known his request, the professor replied:

"My school realized that I was rapidly approaching the state of a squeezed lemon, so they granted me a year's leave of absence for study and research. I had planned to spend this year in the universities of England. When war conditions made that impossible, I would not give up my year of research. I stayed at home, but I spent the year in research in my own study, and I have discovered the New Testament."

This man of learning thus acknowledges to us that the secret of his power is his dis-

covery of the most wonderful Book the world has ever known. His experience reminds us that the Book of books has not changed. Time passes, but it ages not. It comes down to us through storm and bloodshed, unsullied and without loss of power. Floods of criticism and persecution have descended upon it; but like the ark upon the restless deep, it has ridden safely through the storm. It is the one Book in the world that the enemy has worked unceasingly to destroy.

Cruel hands nailed the world's Redeemer to the cross, but they could not keep Him there. They laid Him in the tomb, but the bands of death were broken to let Him go forth on His mission. And when the Word that dwelt in flesh ascended, the enemy began to hurl his attacks at the Bible. But from every attack, it has come forth more than conqueror, for it is indeed and in truth the living word of God. When the prison, the fagot, and other means of torture failed to annihilate the Book of books, Satan laid other plans for its destruction. He placed a pickax in the hands of "higher critics," and set them to work chipping away at the Gibraltar of truth. But their efforts are futile so far as the Gibraltar of truth is concerned. Their broken weapons lie beside an unmarred Rock. Satan has invented a thousand other ways of keeping

people from the Book that he cannot keep from them. No other book in the world has had such bitter foes as has the Bible; no other book has had as devoted friends. To those who have really discovered it, it has become more precious than life itself.

Wycliffe discovered the value of the Bible at a time when the minds of men in England were greatly agitated; and he saw in that Book the panacea for the ills of the age in which he lived. There was no English Bible at that time, and he felt that what England needed was an open Bible in the hands of her people. So in the face of bitter opposition, he translated the Bible into English, that others might discover the Book that transforms lives. Yes, so much did he love the Bible, that he risked his life for its freedom.

And how the people appreciated that incomparable Book! "A considerable sum was paid for even a few sheets of manuscript; a load of hay was given for permission to read it one hour a day for a certain period." There is a touching incident of one Alice Collins, who was called to different gatherings to recite the Ten Commandments and other portions of the Bible she had committed to memory. The people were so hungry for God's word!

Not only was it difficult to gain access to the Bible, but whoever studied it, studied at great risk. There was opposition to meet. "God grant us," runs the prayer in the preface to Wycliffe's Bible, "to ken and to kepe well Holie Writ, and to suffer Joiefulli some paine for it." That prayer did not go unanswered. "Readers of the Book were burned with copies round their necks; men and women were executed for teaching the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in English to their children; . . . children were forced to light the death fires under their parents; and possessors of the banned Wycliffe Bible were hunted down as if they were wild beasts." Still the people read. They risked their lives. They died rather than give up the Book, for they had discovered the Bible.

Tyndale, who came over a hundred years after Wycliffe, also realized that an open Bible was England's greatest need. "We had better," said his opponent, "be without God's laws than the pope's." In indignation, Tyndale arose and said emphatically: "I defy the pope, and all his laws; and if God spare me, I will one day make the boy that drives the plow in England to know more of Scripture than the pope does." Tyndale prized the

Book of books so highly that he decided to translate it into modern English.

But where could he do his work? After searching for a place, he sadly confessed that "in all England there was no room for attempting a translation of the Scriptures." Still he did not give up. Even a life of exile would he cheerfully accept if only he could spread the Bible over England. So he left his native land, never to see it again; and in a foreign country, amid poverty, distress, and constant danger, he worked incessantly.

A year or two later a small stream of Bibles began to flow across the English Channel. In cases, in barrels, in sacks of flour, in bales of cloth, and in other secret ways, the forbidden Book made its way into Tyndale's native land. Thousands of copies were seized and burned with solemn ceremony, before they could reach their intended destination; but Tyndale despaired not. The Bible was worth everything to him, and his people must have it. So he worked on, feeling that in time, the recently invented printing press would defy the enemy. "In burning the books," he said, "they did none other thing than I looked for; no more shall they do if they burn me also."

His expectations were fulfilled. He was not permitted to see the extraordinary change

that came to England in a few short years, for in 1536 he was strangled, and then burned to ashes, praying fervently as life went out, "Lord, open the king of England's eyes." So died another great discoverer of the Bible.

What changes time has wrought! To-day we see not merely a few Bibles here and there. To-day the Bible, entire or in parts, is printed in more than 730 languages and dialects. During the World War, the American Bible Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the National Bible Society of Scotland, together published for the forces of the contending nations more than 16,000,000 Bibles and Testaments. The report of the American Bible Society for 1917 showed that up to the close of that year, that house alone had put out 128,110,923 volumes.

These are not days when the lover of the Bible must risk his life to gaze at its sacred pages. To-day we do not have to walk fifty miles to get a copy of the Bible, nor yet to spend six years saving money enough to buy one, as did little Welsh Mary. But these are days when we need the same love of the Bible as possessed those who hazarded their lives for the privilege of studying the Book of books. To-day, as J. Q. Adams said of his time, "it is not so much praiseworthy to be

acquainted with the Bible as it is shameful to be ignorant of it."

All rejoice in the protection afforded by the Bible. We are glad that it has made our community a safe, comfortable place in which to live. We rejoice in the miracles the Book is working in heathen lands. We find real entertainment in reading the thrilling testimonials of what the Bible does for others. And such testimonials abound. They come from every corner of the globe, and from all strata of society.

This chorus of witnesses proclaims emphatically that in all the vicissitudes of life, the Bible meets every need of the human heart. In heathen lands or in civilized countries, in prisons or in palaces, on the sunny hills of youth or the western slope of life, in times of famine or in days of feasting, in poverty or prosperity, that precious Book has just the message the human heart needs. When enjoying the comforts of peace or when suffering the calamities of war; when absorbed in business or when meditating on the glories to come; when thrilling with exuberant health or when languishing on the bed of sickness; when rejoicing over the cradle or when weeping over the grave; when doubt, perplexity, and fear struggle for possession, or

when pleasure, wealth, and popularity lead to forgetfulness,—yes, under all circumstances, we find every requirement of the human heart met in the Book of God. It, and it alone, brings the blessed message that is needed.

"Then why does it not bring it to me?" you ask. What the Book has done for others, it can do for you and me. The Book has not failed. No, no! It is we who have failed, for we have failed to discover it. It is not enough to have the medicine in the home. It must be taken according to directions before its value is realized—before it is really discovered. "It is one thing to treat the Bible as a book of good moral instruction, to be heeded so far as is consistent with the spirit of the times and our position in the world; it is another thing to regard it as it really is,—the word of the living God,—the word that is our life, the word that is to mold our actions, our words, and our thoughts. To hold God's word as anything less than that, is to reject it."

The army cannot win victories without ammunition; the engine cannot pull the train upgrade without fuel; neither can you and I live the victorious life without giving the Bible its proper place in our daily program. When an Eastern ruler asked Queen Victoria

the secret of England's success, that noble Englishwoman laid her hand reverently on the Bible, saying, "That Book is the secret of England's success." She might have added, And it is the secret of all true success of men and of nations. We must be willing not only to let the Bible make our country safe for democracy; we must also let it make us fit subjects for the kingdom of heaven. But that the Bible may do its appointed work, it must be studied with prayer, until Jesus becomes a blessed, bright reality.

"The whole Bible is a revelation of the glory of God in Christ. Received, believed, obeyed, it is the great instrumentality in the transformation of character. It is the grand stimulus, the constraining force, that quickens the physical, mental, and spiritual powers, and directs the life into right channels.

"The reason why the youth, and even those of mature years, are so easily led into temptation and sin, is that they do not study the word of God, and meditate upon it, as they should. The lack of firm, decided will power, which is manifested in life and character, results from neglect of the sacred instruction of God's word. They do not by earnest effort direct the mind to that which would inspire pure, holy thought, and divert it from that

which is impure and untrue. There are few who choose the better part, who sit at the feet of Jesus, as did Mary, to learn of the divine Teacher. Few treasure His words in the heart, and practice them in the life.

"The truths of the Bible, received, will uplift mind and soul. If the word of God were appreciated as it should be, both young and old would possess an inward rectitude, a strength of principle, that would enable them to resist temptation."

That "if" in the previous paragraph is the barrier between you and me and the victorious life we long to live; for I feel sure that R. F. Horton is right in saying, "There is no greater hindrance in our day to a full, triumphant Christian experience than the depreciation of Holy Scripture." "But I understood that prayer was the secret of the victorious life," you say. So it is. But one side of prayer is Bible study, and one side of Bible study is prayer. You cannot separate the two. There can be no effectual praying while our Bibles lie unused; there can be no Bible study with transforming power in it, when our lips and hearts have no time for prayer. "But how can I ever find time for Bible study and prayer?" you ask with a note of despair in your voice. That is a hard ques-

tion to answer; yet there is a way. And we shall find it if we seek for it with all our hearts.

One day, Jenny Lind was sitting on the seashore. In her lap lay an open Bible. Now she would gaze at its pages, now at the glorious sun sinking into the restless deep. A friend stepped up to her. He knew she had left the stage; and having wondered why she had dropped out when she had the world at her feet, he decided to ask her. She looked at him steadily, as she said quietly, but with a world of meaning behind her words: "How could I do otherwise when I realized every day I was losing my appreciation of that," pointing to the sunset, "and my love for this?" laying her hand tenderly on the Book of books.

Friends, there is a way to discover the Bible; there is a way to find time for it. Jenny Lind found it. It was no small price she had to pay. But she paid it; and victory came with her choice to give the Bible preference over fame. We too must learn to give it preference over that which is keeping us from studying it as we should; for "the one never-failing method of living the victorious life is daily study of the Bible,—study, not hasty reading; daily, not at fitful intervals." And the study, of course, must be with prayer and faith and a sincere desire to know the will of God in order to obey.

"They read the *Journal* and the *News*,
The *Green Book* and the *Red;*
They kept the serials of the month
Securely in their head;
They went through books both old and new,
Best sellers too, they thought;
They read the jokes and studied styles;
No item went for naught.

"They read the sporting page; they knew
Each athlete by his name;
They read of baseball, football, golf,
Familiar with each game.
They looked the funny paper through;
They watched the mails, to seize
The magazine they liked the best,
Whose columns most did please.

"But in their home there was a Book
With pages never turned,
Whose messages of truth and hope
Were still by them unlearned —
The Book that tells of Him who came
To earth that we might know
The beauty of a sinless life,
Lived here so long ago.

"What pity 'tis they do not know
This Man of Galilee,
Who healed the lame, the blind, the deaf,
Beside the sapphire sea!
And still they read and laugh and cry
O'er stories of the hour;
And let the Book, dust-covered, lie
Unopened in its power."

But perhaps it is not reading other things that is keeping you from discovering the Bible. Perhaps you just can't get interested in it. Well, if you are not interested in the Book, if you do not love it, there is only one explanation — you do not know it. You have not been drinking deeply enough of its living waters to wash the dust of common things out of your throat. Drink deeply, and you will long for it as "the hart panteth after the water brooks." Drink deeply, and you will seek it as the desert traveler seeks the cooling spring.

"But," you say, "I do enjoy the Bible. I long for time to read it. That is my problem. How shall I solve it?" Many sympathize with you. It is difficult to find time. There are so many duties that must have attention! The day is short; the hours are full. And when night comes, the willing spirit finds the flesh too weary for study. You know how it is. My friend, I know not how to solve your problem, but God knows; and just as He helped Jenny Lind to solve hers, so will He lead you to the solution of yours, if you can truly say, "Father, take out of my life everything, however precious it is to me, that is hindering my taking time for Thy sacred word."

It must have been hard for Jenny Lind to give up her career on the stage; and it will probably not be easy to readjust your life program so as to make room for the Bible. But it will be worth while. Pick up the neglected Book! There is still hidden in it the same transforming power that has wrought miracles in the lives of men and women. It is still a proclamation of liberty from sin to those who really discover it. Do not take my word alone for it; take the testimonials of the host of witnesses that speak to us from every clime and age. But most of all, "taste and see that the Lord is good." Remember, the Master who prayed, "Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy word is truth," gives us this promise, which cannot fail: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Free? Yes, free from "the sin which doth so easily beset us;" free from the corrosive worry that hangs over us; free from that feeling which gnaws at our heart because our neighbor rides past us in a limousine while we must trudge along through the dust; free from that stinging word, that uncalled-for criticism, that needless gossip which has been so prone to soil our lips; free from the deafness that has kept us from hearing our brother's plea; free from the blindness that has kept us from seeing the sinfulness of sin

and the glorious reward of obedience; yes, "free indeed." Free to enjoy "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," amid life's troubles and perplexities, and free to live the life that wins.

"O may I love Thy precious word!
May I explore the mine!
My I the fragrant flowers glean,
Thy graces all divine!"

Not a Disappointment

He is not a disappointment!
Jesus is far more to me
Than in all my glowing daydreams
I had fancied He could be;
And the more I get to know Him,
So the more I find Him true,
And the more I long that others
Should be led to know Him too.

He is not a disappointment!
He has saved my soul from sin;
All the guilt and all the anguish
Which oppressed my heart within,
He has banished by His presence,
And His blessed kiss of peace
Has assured my heart forever
That His love will never cease.

He is not a disappointment!
He is all in all to me —
Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer;
The unchanging Christ is He!
He has won my heart's affections,
And He meets my every need;
He is not a disappointment,
For He satisfies indeed.

— *Selected.*

Our Traveling Companion

CHAPTER V

IT was the final rehearsal of the "Messiah." The director was anxiously watching every note, every shade of expression. The chorus sang to the point where the soprano solo takes up the refrain, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The soloist rendered her part perfectly — so it seemed to the chorus. Her breathing, her notes, her enunciation, were beyond criticism. Surely the director would be pleased. But, alas, he was not. Silencing the orchestra, he walked up to the singer.

"My daughter," he began in a sad tone of disappointment, "you do not know that your Redeemer lives, do you?"

"Why, yes, father, I think I do," she answered, flushing slightly.

"Then sing it. Tell it to me so that I shall know that you know. Sing it so that all who hear you, shall know that you know the joy and power of that great truth."

Then he raised his baton for the orchestra to play again, and the singer repeated the refrain. But this time, she sang out of her own deep Christian experience, and those who heard her wept. When she finished, the old master again approached her. His eyes were full of tears.

"Daughter, you do know, for you have told me."

Friends, do we know that our Redeemer lives? We cannot really sing the soprano solo of that great oratorio deep down in our hearts, until we know our Redeemer as a personal Saviour and Friend. And truly, the greatest question before each one of us to-day is, Do I know Him? What is our answer? Have we made it our first business to know Him, or need we take warning from others who have failed to do so, and who, at the gates of death, have been overwhelmed with grief because of their fatal mistake?

The experience of a learned professor comes to my mind. He was at the head of one of the largest universities in our country. Institutions of learning coveted the privilege of bestowing upon him honorary degrees. But when he approached the shadow of the grave, the lamp of his learning could not penetrate the gloom. How insignificant was all his knowledge! Now he saw in its true greatness the one thing he lacked. "I am going before my time, and I know not what awaits me," he confessed sadly. What a tragedy, when Heaven has made ample provision for man to live victoriously and to die triumphantly! Friends, do you know Him?

F. B. Meyer learned to know Him; and upon his seventieth birthday, he bore this

testimony to his wonderful Friend: "I knew Him as a boy. I trusted Him because of the testimony of my parents and of my minister. Since then, I have wintered and summered with Him, and spent days and nights with Him. I know what He can be when a man sins and fails, and when the heart is hard and loveless. I now know Him whom once I simply believed; and on this seventieth birthday, this is my assurance,— that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him."

Yes, He is able to keep those who come to Him. "But how can He keep me?" asks the young Christian. How? Well, how does the electric current draw the car up the hill? This is difficult to explain; yet you know, from the manifestation of power, that the current is there. The car moves. That is sufficient evidence of the power. The Master keeps those who abide in His presence and become personally acquainted with Him. Christian men and women have demonstrated this for us. Is not this sufficient evidence of His keeping power?

Some one asked Charles Kingsley once: "What is the secret of your beautiful life? Tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too." His answer was, "I had a friend."

When asked what had persuaded him to become a Christian, Stanley replied, "The beautiful life of Livingstone."

An infidel was spending a short time with Fénelon, that saintly man. Suddenly he cried out, "If I do not tear myself away from your influence, it will compel me to become a Christian."

Somehow, as I meditate upon these human friendships, I catch glimpses of the marvelous influence of the divine friendship offered to you and me. After all, there is not so much need that you and I should be able to explain how being acquainted with Jesus brings victory. But there is great need of our proving in our own lives that it does bring victory. This is our privilege. This is our one great need.

To those who know Him, Jesus is all in all. To know Him is to love Him supremely. To know Him is to find in Him a real, personal Friend,—one who understands us even better than the dearest earthly companion. J. R. Miller regarded such close relationship with the Saviour as the whole secret of his Christian experience. An old colored woman found her Saviour the same unfailing Friend. She was illiterate, and lived all alone in her little cabin; but Jesus was so real to her that she could visit with Him as with a neighbor, and when persons asked her if she lived alone, she would reply, "Yes, me and Jesus."

Yes, Jesus is a real friend; and if you have not found Him such, you have not tasted

life's sweetest pleasure,—life's deepest joy. Others cannot explain in full what this companionship means. The only explanation is, "O taste and see that the Lord is good." The world loses its grip on those who have tasted the joy of intimate companionship with Jesus, for He satisfies the heart. Hugh Price Hughes left instruction that his tombstone should bear this inscription: "Thou, O Christ, art all I want." Edward Smith instructed his friends to carve this testimony on his tombstone: "Edward Smith, who was satisfied with Jesus."

"Oh, I couldn't enjoy it at all without you!" said a wife to her husband when he proposed that she go to a certain entertainment without him. He had become such an inseparable part of her life that she could not enjoy the entertainment if it meant separation from him. This is even more true of the Christian who really loves Jesus. He cannot enjoy anything his Saviour cannot share with him.

So it has always been with those who have known the Saviour intimately. Moses was an ambitious man. But he knew Christ; and knowing Him, he chose rather to suffer affliction with Him than to enjoy the throne of Egypt without Him. The three Hebrew children knew Him, and they went to the fiery furnace rather than deny Him. Daniel knew Him, and he chose to be cast into the

lions' den rather than to forego communion with Him. Stephen caught the vision of Jesus, and his face shone while the cruel assassins hurled stones at him. At one time, Peter professed to love Jesus and to be willing to die for Him. His profession failed. But when he repented, and learned to know Him as a real, personal Saviour, he chose rather to die a martyr's death than to deny his best Friend. Huss became acquainted with Jesus, and he chose to die at the stake rather than to turn away from Him. Morrison saw the sinner's Friend, and seeing led him to China to endure untold hardships.

A young man who is now working in the cause of God, found in Christ a personal Saviour and Friend a few years ago; and this friendship gave him strength to turn away from a position bringing a large salary, to one in the Master's vineyard bringing only one fourth as much pay. Hundreds of other young people have had their eyes opened to see clearly that the best things in life come to those who give up all for Jesus. A little African girl found Jesus. He became so real and so precious to her that she sold herself into slavery for eighty-five cents in order that she might have a part in making Him known to others.

How wonderfully the friendship of Jesus overcomes all the gravitation of sin! He is

the magnet that holds the Christian in the path of right-doing. He is the joy that makes worldly pleasures lose their charm. He is the Teacher who enables us to see that the humblest work for the Master is better than the highest position in the world without Him. He is the remedy for all our doubts and fears. He is our strength for living and for serving. He is the only satisfactory explanation of the philosophy of life. He is the only indispensable element in Christian living. Bible study and prayer are avenues leading to Him whom to know is life eternal. Truly, He is our all and in all.

And to-day you and I may walk upon the troubled waters of life, as Peter walked upon the Sea of Galilee, if we will keep our eyes riveted upon Him who gives us strength to do the impossible. As one writer says, "When we know God as it is our privilege to know Him, our life will be a life of continual obedience." To know Him is to live the life that wins.

But when we realize the truth of His keeping power, the question arises, How may I become acquainted with Him? Some time ago I read an article, "Seeing Jesus." The first sentence is all I recall, but that has burned its way deep into my heart. It was this: "To see Jesus is to die." When I read that, I felt sure I had found the keynote of

an intimate knowledge of my Saviour. If Jesus was to become real to me and remain real to me, *self* must stay on the cross. Isaiah tells us the same thing in the assertion, "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God;" and Matthew reaffirms that truth in a positive way when he says, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." Seeing Jesus requires obedience even in the little things of everyday life. We cannot make this too emphatic to our own hearts. We cannot be too thorough on this point. A personal grudge, a bit of envy, an unkind spirit, defiles the heart and obscures the vision.

One thing, however, is very encouraging: As our vision of Jesus grows clearer, as our sense of His divine presence becomes a reality, obedience to the laws of heaven grows easier, until eventually it becomes a passion of the heart; and one can truly exclaim, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God: yea, Thy law is within my heart."

A young man was talking with an experienced personal worker about how to make Jesus a real Friend. The worker had spoken of various essentials to knowing Jesus, emphasizing especially implicit obedience. Then the young man related this experience:

"One day, when in college, my roommate and I had gone down town. As we passed one of the theaters, he said: 'Say, Horace,

let's go in. It can't hurt us, and no one need ever know one thing about it.' I hesitated for a moment, for well I knew that theater-going was contrary to the regulations of our school as well as to my principles. But I yielded. For weeks after that experience, I did not speak in social meeting. I could not pray. Finally it seemed that I must find relief. I had a frank talk with my roommate, and learned that he had been as miserable as I. We agreed that wrongdoing, although securely hidden from the eyes of others, was still sin; and we determined to have nothing to do with it. From that time until the close of school, we both enjoyed a bright Christian experience. I realize now how wrongdoing obscured my view of Jesus."

Knowing Jesus certainly calls for all-round obedience. And, of course, it calls for close association with Him. As we gaze at Calvary and think of the sacrifice our Saviour has made for us, we begin to comprehend what a wonderful Friend it is our privilege to have. His love we cannot doubt. And when we read of His experiences while on earth, we know that He not only understands us and all our problems, but sympathizes with us, too. The longer we meditate upon His life, the more real He becomes.

Then, too, Jesus grows more real to us as we read of men and women who have found

Him a close personal Friend. We are helped as we learn how He became real to them, how they walked with Him from day to day, and the joy they found in His companionship. To associate with persons who know Him is also a great help. But aside from prayer and Bible study, there is perhaps no other one thing that helps so much to make Jesus real as trying to reveal Him to others, helping others to find in Him a personal Saviour and Friend. Truly those who would have Jesus become and remain real to them must walk with Him in the fields of unselfish service for others.

Speaking of service as one means of becoming acquainted with Jesus, one worker says that more than once he has felt called to do certain work. Each time that he hesitated, he realized a change. He knew the change was not in Jesus, so he concluded it must be in himself. And when he looked, he could see that he had slipped into a rut of selfishness, and had said, "Lord, send some one else," or, "Surely I can't do that," or, "No; I should be considered eccentric," or, "That friend would feel that I was out of place."

"I recall one experience," he continued, "that I had when at last I went in obedience to the call. I was deeply burdened for a neighbor who was not a Christian. Again

and again a voice said, 'Speak to him;' but I put it off. Finally I had exhausted every respectable excuse, and when the impression returned, I went and rang the neighbor's doorbell, really hoping that he would not be at home. But he was there, and we had a good visit. In an hour, I returned home, happier than I had been for weeks. The friend had given his heart to God. Jesus was again real to me, and my Lord and I had a most comforting visit that night."

Indeed, friends, we may know our blessed Redeemer as a personal Friend. And how much we all need to know Him for ourselves! We need to bring Him into our lives, that He may speak peace to our troubled hearts. We need Him to inspire our fainting spirits with new courage to do and dare. We need Him to solve our problems for us. We need Him to keep us sweet when things go wrong. We need Him to make us better Christians in our homes, truer friends among our associates, and more Christlike neighbors. We need His sympathy, His cheerfulness, His gentleness, His forgiving spirit, His unselfish helpfulness that never wearied of ministering to others.

And you and I are resolved that some day we will brush aside everything that hinders our knowing this Friend. Like Felix, we are waiting for *"a more convenient season."*

Satan coined that phrase. He put it into Felix's mouth, and he has persuaded thousands of others to wait for that "more convenient" time which never comes. Charles Darwin is a sad example of one who caught a glimpse of Christ and then looked for "a more convenient season" to know Him better.

When a young man, Mr. Darwin said: "I believe God will reveal Himself to every individual soul, and my most passionate desire is a deeper and clearer vision of God. But one can easily lose all belief in the spiritual by giving up the continual thought and care for spiritual things." When near the end of his long life, he gazed back to his youth, and this was his sad confession: "In my younger days, I was deeply religious; but I made my mind a kind of machine for grinding out general laws in the material world, and my spiritual nature atrophied."

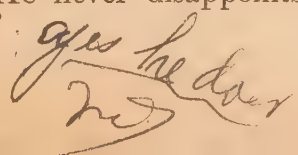
That man of great learning, Professor T. H. Huxley, had a similar sad experience. He and a man who knew Christ as a real Friend were spending the day together in a small town. It was a holiday. Something in the life of the Christian created in Professor Huxley's heart an insatiable hunger.

"Talk to me about religion — simple, experimental religion," said Professor Huxley to his friend.

"I will," said the friend, "if you mean it."

They visited. For three hours, the Christian talked about his best Friend, and what His love and friendship meant to him. The man of learning was stirred to the depths. His eyes were dim with tears. "If I could only believe that," he exclaimed heartbrokenly, "I would be willing to give my right hand!" Such intellectual imprisonment is too pathetic for words!

To-day our Master and Friend gently invites us to come to Him, in the gracious words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." Come, that the Holy Spirit, His divine Representative on earth, may enable you to know Him. Come, through prayer and Bible study and quiet meditation. Come, through association and service. Come, walk with Him the path of implicit obedience and unfailing faith. You who have met so many disappointments, you who have known so many bitter heartaches, you who long for a Friend who can give you just the help you need, come and get acquainted with Jesus. What shall it profit you and me though we gain money or fame or even the whole world, if we fail to get acquainted with Him whom to know is life eternal? All else in this world will fail. All other pathways lead to bitter disappointment in the end. But Jesus never fails. He never disappoints. "He satisfies indeed."



Come, Gracious Spirit

"Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above,
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide;
O'er all our thoughts and steps preside.

"To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose the way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

"Lead us to holiness — the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

"Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fullness of joy forever there."

Our Helper Along the Way

CHAPTER VI

WE were leaning on the railing and gazing intently at the famous Niagara above us. The roar of the water was deafening, as it came tumbling over the rocks and leaped into the seething caldron below. Occasionally the wind brought a spray of the rising mist our way, and now and then a rainbow arched the foggy chasm. The grandeur of the scene thrilled us through and through. How magnificent! How sublime! In silent awe we stood before this wonderful manifestation of nature's art and nature's power.

"Think of the power there!" some one remarked. And I did think, but thinking could find no bottom. The subject was too deep to fathom. I remembered that a small fraction of Niagara had been drawn into service. It was sending electric cars flying over the rails; it was lighting cities, and supplying factories with power. I was amazed as I tried to think how human genius had thrown the harness onto this swift, obstreperous steed and made it help draw the chariot of civilization.

But the kaleidoscope changed, and another thought took possession of me. There before us still was more power than man could meas-

ure, tumbling over the precipice. And I was thinking of how very much more Niagara is waiting to do, if called to serve. Every minute, water representing hundreds of thousands of units of horse power leaps over the rocks. On, on, on the current goes, hour by hour, day and night, summer and winter, year in and year out. It knows no nights. It takes no vacations. And with the current is ever that incomprehensible power, waiting, waiting, waiting for men to let it serve in transforming things around them.

Finally, as we stood there gazing at the falls in quiet meditation, I said to myself: Far more wonderful than this mighty Niagara is the power which the Father has provided for the transformation of human lives. Niagara draws cars; it runs factories; it makes cities brilliant with light. But this power from heaven changes men and women. Controlled by it, they live miraculous lives under most trying circumstances. And after all, is anything in this world more beautiful, more powerful, than the victorious life lived by common men and women?

Sometimes it seems that heaven is sacrificing too much to supply the spiritual power needed for victorious living, for few of us make the use of it we should. Like the majestic Niagara, that keeps pouring unused over the precipice, this inexhaustible supply

of infinite power flows on and on through the centuries, waiting, waiting, waiting for channels to be opened so that it may flow through them to transform lives. And think what it cost heaven to provide this power that is waiting to supply our need! The scars in the hands of our blessed Redeemer tell the story. He died that we might have forgiveness from sin, and He lives now that day by day we may have this power from heaven for overcoming sin.

When Jesus went back to heaven after His earthly ministry, the Holy Spirit was sent to be His representative on earth. Jesus rejoiced that the Holy Spirit was to come to earth to complete the work of salvation.

"The Holy Spirit was the highest of all gifts that He could solicit from His Father for the exaltation of His people. The Spirit was to be given as a regenerating agent, and without this the sacrifice of Christ would have been of no avail. The power of evil had been strengthening for centuries, and the submission of men to this satanic captivity was amazing. Sin could be resisted and overcome only through the mighty agency of the third person of the Godhead, who would come with no modified energy, but in the fullness of divine power. It is the Spirit that makes effectual what has been wrought out by the world's Redeemer. It is by the Spirit that

the heart is made pure. Through the Spirit the believer becomes a partaker of the divine nature. Christ has given His Spirit as a divine power to overcome all hereditary and cultivated tendencies to evil, and to impress His own character upon His church."—*"The Desire of Ages," page 671.*

No wonder, then, that we are commanded, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit." If we turn away from Him, we break our connection with the only power that can save us from sin. He, heaven's representative on earth, in close communication with the other members of the Trinity in heaven, directs the work here. The Bible tells us that "the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."

But few of us avail ourselves of the blessings God longs to bestow. We go about heavy-hearted when by our side walks the Comforter whom Jesus sent. We make mistakes and fail again and again; and all the time, He who has come to guide us into all truth is anxiously waiting to lead us in the way of life. We long for power; but when He comes who alone can put us in touch with that power, and calls us to give up this or that, that our requests may be granted, we refuse to meet the conditions, and go stumbling along in our weakness.

Some one who is acquainted with the history of Australia, tells of a young man who was traveling through the interior, years ago. In those days, the interior of that great continent was a veritable desert. Travelers who crossed it would keep close to the telegraph wires, and if circumstances made it impossible for them to pursue their journey, they would cut the wires, and then those who came out to repair the break would find them.

Well, this young man, mounting his bicycle, took the usual route through the interior. After a time, it was learned that he did not reach his destination. His friends were alarmed and sent men to search for him. After traveling some distance, they found his demolished wheel. On they went, till they came to his body. There he lay. He had dragged himself within a few feet of the telegraph pole. A pair of pliers was in his hand. But, alas, he had been unable to reach the wires; consequently he died, when almost within his reach was the help his friends were so anxious to bestow upon him.

So it is with the great Niagara of heavenly power that the Holy Spirit is waiting to use in transforming our lives. Many of us poor travelers on our journey through the desert are very, very near to the power that means victorious living to us, but we fail to climb

up and get in touch with it. That is all. But, alas, the difference that failure makes!

"But how can I get in touch with it?" we cry in despair; and the answer comes back to the waiting soul: "Climb up the rugged path of full, unconditional surrender, and say, 'Lord, take all there is of me, and let Thy Spirit control me in all the details of every-day life.'" That establishes the connection between us and our Helper along life's journey. "I don't see how it does," did you say? Well, neither does the Christian who has long been led by the Spirit. We must take this by faith. We must believe. We do not understand electricity, but our ignorance of it does not hinder our believing in that powerful current, nor yet our enjoying the benefits of its service. The same is true of one's relation to the Holy Spirit.

This is the testimony of a host of witnesses. Take Peter for instance: he was a very different man after his full surrender. Before that day, he cowered when the maid pointed him out as a professed friend of the Man on trial. But after the Spirit took control of him, superhuman power was seen in his life and labor. He preached a sermon that was the means of converting three thousand persons; he wrought miracles; and he lived a true Christian life.

It is said that an evangelist by the name of John Livingstone spent a night praying for power. The record is, "The next day, June 21, 1630, he so preached at Kirk of Shotts, that the Spirit fell upon his hearers in such a way that five hundred could date either their conversion or some remarkable confirmation from that day forward."

But it is not only for serving in the pulpit that the Holy Spirit supplies power and wisdom. Said a mother not long ago, who had learned the blessed reality of this constant Helper, "Since I received the Holy Spirit, I have been able to get into the hearts of my children, which I was never able to do before."

The Holy Spirit is not limited. He can help all classes, in all professions. He can solve their problems and put them in touch with the power needed. The rich and the poor, the young and the old, the strong and the feeble, find Him the quiet, never-failing Friend; the soothing, sympathetic Comforter; the careful, efficient Guide; the wise, unerring Counselor; and the secret of superhuman power for being whatever the Master bids, and for doing whatever their hands find to do.

No wonder, then, that great changes take place in one who surrenders to the Holy Spirit. With that surrender comes the promise of being a measureless blessing to others; for we are told that "there is no limit to the

usefulness of one who, by putting self aside, makes room for the working of the Holy Spirit upon his heart, and lives a life wholly consecrated to God."—*"The Desire of Ages," page 250.* Like Jesus, we too may daily receive a new baptism of the Holy Spirit, and then we shall live and serve as He did.

Yes, the Holy Spirit will be our Helper all along the way. There will be diversity in the gifts He bestows upon us. He will enable some to do one thing, some another. But first of all, to everyone who submits fully to His control, power is granted to live the only life that is worth while—the life that yields "the fruit of the Spirit." It is the life whose characteristics are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." It is the life you and I long to live. And truly there is nothing we so much need just now as to let the Spirit put us in touch with the power that will enable us to live it.

The disciples had been three and a half years with Jesus. That was a rare and unparalleled schooling for the work before them. Still He commanded them to *wait* for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. What if the disciples had said, "But the Master's business demands haste, and we cannot possibly take ten days just now for prayer"?

What about the world—the lost ones? What did they do during the ten days? The disciples were the only ones to carry the message of salvation. Still they waited for the power. Did the world lose by those ten days of waiting? No, the world was not a loser. On the other hand, there was great gain in that waiting. To this we are all agreed.

But do we sense as deeply that the world always gains when Christians take time to turn themselves and their entire business over to the direction and control of the Holy Spirit? That is what brings the Pentecostal feasts that enrich the life of the Christian and make him a blessing to all whom his life touches.

What would you think of a trolley car's trying to climb a grade without getting in touch with the electric current? "Too absurd for thought," you say; and so it is. But is it not far more tragic for you and me to try to live the life that Christians are called to live, and to do the work that Christians are called to do, without the help of the Holy Spirit? We need His guidance and we need His power all along the way. We need His help when we pray, when we study, when we work. We need Him to teach us how to be true Christians in our homes, and how to be soul-winning friends among our friends. He alone can give us the vision that we need for

buoying up our spirits. No more can we live the victorious life or do the work before us without the Holy Spirit, than the car can go up the grade without the electric current.

"But I am not trying to get on without the help of the Holy Spirit. I desire His help; I am pleading for it," you say. Do you remember the story of Simon Magus? When he saw the marvelous work done by those who were controlled by the Spirit, he desired the same power, that he too might do great things. But the Holy Spirit did not come into his heart. Why? The reason is this: Simon Magus desired the Spirit to use *as he chose.* And there is where you and I sometimes fail, too. We have big plans, and we plead with the Father to send His Spirit to enable us to carry them out. It means so much if the plans fail! Our honor is at stake; our good reputation is quivering in the balance; friends may question our good judgment if the plans fail; and so we plead for the Spirit's help.

But the Holy Spirit does not do business that way. We have things twisted when we plan thus. He is the Master; not we. We are the servants; not He. What would you think of the office boy's ordering the president of the railroad to run his self-imposed errands for him, doing a hundred little foolish things that only the mind of a mischievous boy could

conceive? The railroad might suffer serious loss if the president should consent to such an inconceivable program — but that is too foolish for serious thought.

Still it is not half so absurd as for us to try to make the Holy Spirit our servant. And should He let us engage Him thus for even a moment, irretrievable losses might result; for we then should have power to do what we want to do, and often our plans are not only foolish, but they also have destructive dynamite in them. "Ye ask, and receive not," says James, "because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts." Can you not look back even now and thank God that you were kept from doing some things you at one time deeply desired to do?

Anxious as the Father is to bestow upon us His Holy Spirit, He cannot let Him enter where the right of way is not given Him. Therefore our request for the Holy Spirit must come from a motive that is absolutely unselfish. Our desire for the Holy Spirit must be intense; but first of all, it must be intensely pure. When He knocks at the heart, we must let Him in to take full control. When He points out sin, we must let Jesus take it away. When He speaks, we must obey.

Many things around us can remind us of the relation that must obtain between our-

selves and the Holy Spirit who is sent to be our constant Helper. Let the needle in your hand, the pencil you hold, the plow you guide, the horse you drive, the car you direct, the spade you use, teach you the lesson. Let you and me learn more and more fully day by day that we are the tools, tools to be used by the Holy Spirit, and that we are to be used exactly as He chooses. "But that is self-annihilation," you exclaim. Yes; but it is also self-preservation. It is the only way to the truly victorious life.

"But how can there be so many secrets of the victorious life?" you ask. "And," you continue, "I am confused; for one says prayer is the secret, another emphasizes Bible study, and still another points to Jesus as our only hope of victory." The phrases may be confusing, but the great facts behind them are not. They are all parts of one great truth, all avenues leading to the same blessed hope. Prayer is one side of Bible study, and Bible study is one side of prayer. They are inseparable. The one cannot long exist in a life without the support of the other. And so, no matter by which of these avenues the earnest seeker enters,—no matter which secret he first grasps,—it will eventually lead him to Jesus and to the Holy Spirit, the Saviour's personal representative on earth who will help the honest seeker to live the victorious life.

This is a beautiful theory, we say to our aching hearts. But how can I make it practical in my own life? How can I let the Holy Spirit take full control of my life? How can I offer to Him my body as His temple? These are questions with which some of us are wrestling. We are willing that the Holy Spirit should come in and take possession of our hearts. We are willing to give up our sins, yes, and our cherished plans. We desire to be and to do what His will requires. But how can we accomplish our desire? How may we open the door and let the Holy Spirit in?

Let a picture of true home life help us to understand: A young man finds no difficulty in taking the young woman of his choice into his heart. He gives her the most sacred place by the golden altar of incense as his life companion. Naught but death can sever the tie that unites the two in one. Each seeks first the other's happiness. And day by day, each grows more and more fully into the other's life. Miles and weeks may separate them, but each still lives in the other's heart, each doing that which will bring joy and honor to the other. In such hearts, there is no rivalry. Each prefers the other to self. Service is joy, and self-denial sweeter than pleasure. Their little selfish ways disappear, for true love is planting its seeds in their hearts and plucking out the weeds. Together they

grow, each spurring the other on to be true to life's highest and best ideals.

Nothing in this life can be more real than this relationship. But it had a beginning. There was a time when each entered the other's heart in a definitely sacred way. Just so we may let the blessed Representative of our precious Saviour enter our hearts. However, we must make this distinction: He must come, but not to take a place by the side of the one who occupies the most sacred place of all human relationships. His place is beyond the veil. There in the holy of holies He must be seated upon the throne, henceforth to rule supremely in our lives. This is His rightful place.

If we comply with these conditions, the Holy Spirit will come into our hearts. There is no question about that. The promise cannot fail. "We may not feel the presence of the Spirit in our hearts, and at times we may question whether He does live and reign within us," says an experienced Christian; "but our feelings have nothing to do with the fact of His presence within. We may not feel the beat of the heart that sends the life-blood coursing through our veins, but we know that it is there and is faithfully doing its work; so we may know that the Spirit of God is within, unless we have grieved Him till He has been compelled to withdraw."

And now to those who have framed a quiet resolution to live to please the Master's Representative on earth, and to "grieve not the Holy Spirit," it is comforting to recall that he who "willeth to do His will, . . . shall *know.*" We know some things that we must do. Let us do these; for obedience is a doorway to fuller knowledge of His will. Through prayer and Bible study, the earnest soul may learn to understand the Spirit's leadings. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, into whose names we were baptized, are all working together in perfect harmony for our salvation; and the Bible brings us in touch with Them all, and with Their one great plan for saving the world.

So day by day, as we meet the Master in quiet prayer and Bible study or in service for others, the path will grow brighter and brighter before us, and we shall see more and more clearly what to do next.

It is truly a thrilling thought that you and I may have the help of the Holy Spirit to live the victorious life. Yes, the thought is thrilling; but there is a solemn side to it as well. It is this: If, through the help of the Holy Spirit, I *may* live victoriously, I *must,* or prove recreant to the trust which life brings me.

The World's Bible

"Ye are a letter of Christ, written with the Spirit of the ever-living God." 2 Corinthians 3: 3.

CHRIST has no hands but our hands to do His work to-day;
He has no feet but our feet to lead men in His way;
He has no tongue but our tongue to tell men how He died;
He has no help but our help to bring them to His side.

We are the only Bible the careless world will read;
We are the sinner's gospel, we are the scoffer's creed.
We are the Lord's last message, given in deed and word;
What if the type is crooked? What if the print is blurred?

What if our hands are busy with other work than His?
What if our feet are walking where sin's allurement is?
What if our tongues are speaking of things His lips would spurn?
How can we hope to help Him and hasten His return?

— *Annie Johnson Flint.*

Serving as We Go

CHAPTER VII

TWO men met in a quiet, secluded resort in the mountains. Mr. Upton was a millionaire. Mr. Bunbury had little of this world's goods. Failing health, however, had brought them both to the same retreat. In this quiet, restful nook, they hoped to find a new lease on life while basking in the glorious summer sunshine and breathing the unadulterated air of the mountains. Often on the veranda they would sit together gazing at the everlasting hills on whose snow-capped heads rested the dome of azure blue. In the halls they took many a promenade, and in the spacious dining room they visited over the same table. Still each knew very little of the other's life or business.

But through the passing weeks of convalescence, they came to feel better acquainted; and each day, Mr. Upton's curiosity grew. He wondered why Mr. Bunbury received so many letters. Could it be that he was trying to attend to business while here resting? Surely that would be folly for a man in his condition.

Finally, one day, after the morning mail had been distributed, Mr. Upton noticed Mr.

Bunbury brush aside a tear as he folded one of the several letters that had been passed over to him.

"I hope you've not had bad news," he ventured to say, although he knew, from the far-off look in Mr. Bunbury's eyes, that he was just then oblivious to his immediate surroundings.

"Oh, no, thank you, Mr. Upton!" came the pleasant reply. "It's good news instead. Won't you be seated?"

"Well, I beg your pardon for interrupting," said Mr. Upton apologetically as he dropped into a big porch rocker near Mr. Bunbury. "I noticed what I thought a look of sadness on your face."

"I believe I have told you," began Mr. Bunbury, "that I was a teacher in a Christian college for a good many years. The compensation was small, but the opportunity to impress young life was large. While I sought to be faithful as an instructor, I was equally zealous to impress the boys, both by precept and by example, with the importance of righteous character. These young men are now widely scattered over our country. Many of them, I am glad to say, have been successful in business and professional life, and they seem to cherish generous sentiments for their old teacher.

"They have seen, through our church papers, that I am not well, and that I am here in the hope of improving my health. Most of my letters come from these men. They express their abiding interest in me, and their solicitude for my recovery; most of them are generous enough to write that they owe much of what they have been able to accomplish in the world to the instruction and impressions received in my classroom.

"Several write that they are aware that a teacher in a Christian college cannot save much money, and they are solicitous that I shall have the comforts of life; so they inclose checks, requesting me to accept them, not as charity, but as an expression of love, and as a partial compensation for services rendered years ago, and more highly valued as the years pass. This is the explanation of my emotion that you may have noticed at other times as well as this morning. At times, I cannot refrain from shedding tears of joy and gratitude."

There was a moment's silence. Then Mr. Upton looked his new friend steadily in the eye. "I would give all my fortune," he said, as his lips trembled a bit, "if I could feel the emotions that stir your soul. I have money, nothing more. You have all the money you need, and besides, you have what

is more valuable — friends and an approving conscience."

So often, when I reflect on the purpose, the joy, or the secret of the life that wins, does the experience of this Christian teacher come back to me! And it always helps me to understand more clearly that the keynote of the life that wins is service — unselfish service for others. It always has been. It always will be. The Master who gave us the blue print for that life found it so. And is not that the great lesson which all nature is ever teaching us? Nature does not live to itself. Everything that is best in nature lives to serve. The rosebush scents the air with perfume and adorns our gardens with the queen of flowers. The pear tree serves us to pears. The apple tree gives us apples to eat. But you say, "The friends of nature cannot do otherwise." And you are right.

However, it is even more certain that the life that wins cannot do otherwise. The rosebush may fail to bloom, the fruit trees may fail to produce; but the life that wins cannot fail to yield fruit, until it fails to be what it professes to be. "Follow Me," said Jesus; "I will make you fishers of men." And so far, no one has produced any exceptions to this rule laid down by the great Master. It is twofold; it works two ways. It makes living the life that wins, the secret of success in

soul-winning work on one hand. But equally true is it that soul-winning is a secret of success in living the life that wins.

And in this very fact lies one of the strongest possible appeals for living the life that wins. "The law of service becomes the connecting link which binds us to God and to our fellow men." And "those who reject the privilege of fellowship with Christ in service, reject the only training that imparts a fitness for participation with Him in His glory." But he who lives the life that wins does not reject this privilege. He walks with the Master in the field of service from day to day. And as they serve together, he grows more and more like the divine pattern, and his life becomes God's great miracle on earth.

When Jesus grew up in Palestine, all the opportunities of Jewish life lay before Him. He had ability to amass wealth; He might have revealed marvelous scientific truths; He might have attained great fame in the political world or in the religious life of the Hebrew nation. But He turned aside from all these inducements, and made it the first business of His life, and the only business of His life, to seek and to save the lost. He did not waver, although He knew that the path He had chosen would lead Him to Calvary — its sorrow and its shame.

Jesus chose at all costs to live the life that wins, in order to save the lost. He was thoroughly consecrated, and gave Himself to the one chosen profession. He studied the Scriptures, and had a practical working knowledge of them. He was always finding and making opportunities to bless others. He was filled with the Holy Spirit, and so had the wisdom, tact, and power needed for winning souls. In all these things, Jesus says, "Follow Me, and I will make *you* fishers of men." He does not say, "Follow Me for a little while or in a few things, and I will make you fishers of men." His simple command is, "Follow Me." That is complete. It includes all requirements. It permits of no omissions. It means to follow Him at all times, in all things.

And the life that wins succeeds because it follows. It is God's demonstration to the world of His saving and keeping power, and the service of such a Christian is ever a fresh interpretation of the never-failing love of God. The life that wins is God's greatest agency for saving the lost. And that life is needed everywhere, for the lost everywhere are stumbling into Christless graves.

The experiences of a certain young man come to mind. One cold wintry night, he was driving across one of those sparsely populated plains that abound in Western Canada. He

was on his way home—or thought he was. But the night was dark. A deep snow had fallen in the afternoon, hiding the trail completely, and making driving very hard. An hour went by. Then two. Still no familiar landmarks could be seen, and the young man became greatly alarmed. He had missed the trail. That was evident. How could he ever find it again? It was bitter cold, and his horses were nearly exhausted. He could not possibly keep them going much longer.

Despair gripped his heart. He felt the angel of death approaching. And somehow the face of that enemy became strangely familiar during the next few moments. But God had not forgotten His wayward child. He heard his cry for help. Suddenly, in that hour of despair, the discouraged traveler caught sight of a faint light in the distance. It was God's way of saving his life. Never once did he remove his eyes from it. His one aim now was to reach it. As his tired horses stumbled through the crusting snow, that light grew brighter and brighter. He was lost—lost indeed; but through the rays of that one light, he found his way home.

So often, since the young man told me of his narrow escape from death that cold wintry night, have I shuddered as I thought what it would have meant to him if that light had not been burning brightly. What if it had

been too dim to shine far enough to reach the wanderer's eye! And then always the picture on the screen of thought blends, and another comes out clearly on the canvas, that causes even deeper pain. It is the great plain of life. Not one, but myriads, are lost. They know not which way to turn to go Home. They are groping about in bewilderment, while others upon the great plain that all must cross, are roaming thoughtlessly around without serious meditations about the route they are taking. What if Christians who have resolved to go Home by the way of the cross fail to keep a light for these lost ones! What if they fail to be magnets drawing aimless wanderers into the trail that leads Home! Fail to be messengers whom the Master can send in search of the lost! Fail to give attention to their first business here! Fail to live the life that wins!

It seems too good to be true that our Master inaugurated such a wonderful profit-sharing plan. But He did. He suffered the cruel death on the cross, that all who will may become joint heirs and share all things with Him. And the sharing begins here. We share in His service here, that by and by we may share in His glory. Our days of service are so fleeting, our strength is so feeble, our skill is so blundering; still, wonder of wonders, God wishes to use us! He has poured

out all heaven to save us and to purchase our services. "Through the ages an increasing purpose runs," and He has made us a part of it. This ennobles life and makes living worth while; for the life that fully conforms to God's will, scatters deeds that will outlast this perishable earth and give the worker boundless joys as long as the years of eternity roll.

"But I just can't do personal work," protested a young friend. "I just wasn't cut out for it. That's all." The tone of her voice left me with a feeling of finality, and I felt that the argument better not be prolonged at that time. But passing years have brought a change, and she too realizes the great truth that "not more surely is the place prepared for us in the heavenly mansions than is the special place designated on earth where we are to work for God."

Yes, there is definite work for every one to do. A young woman heard this call to service. But somehow she had failed to answer the call to live the life that wins. Still she determined to serve. One evening, her brother asked her whether the young man with whom she was going out was a Christian.

"I don't know, but I am going to ask him."

So that evening, during a quiet moment at the questionable place of amusement where

they found themselves, she broached the subject.

"Are you a Christian, Jack?" she asked quietly.

"No. Are you?" was the quick retort.

"Why, of course I am," she faltered.

"Well, Grace," he said earnestly, "then you have no business in a place like this."

That opened her eyes, and she realized as never before that she must live the life that wins, before she could expect to persuade others to do it. Her life was to be a demonstration of the saving and keeping power of God. And that night, in her own room, she had a quiet talk with the Master about herself and her mistakes. Her confessions were mingled with many tears. But victory came at last. After bathing her swollen eyes and fevered brow, she sat down calmly and wrote on a slip of paper for frequent reference her promise to herself and her God:

"I promise, by God's grace, to live the life that wins. To me, that means to avoid known sin, and to strive to know God's will more fully from day to day."

"I always fear that my friends will discover inconsistencies in my life, and so I just don't talk about religion," said a Missionary Volunteer one day. Now think of a man starting in business, saying: "I've invested all my money in merchandise, and it's locked

up in this building. I plan to make my fortune in the mercantile business; but I shall not open the doors till I have become the best business man in the state." You smile, and I do not blame you. Such a man would be doomed to bankruptcy.

But is that not just the position the Christian takes who refuses to try to win his friends for Christ, because he feels that he himself makes mistakes? The Master is not looking for faultless workers, but for willing workers, who will put away their faults as fast as they discover them, and then press on in the great business of winning their friends for Christ. He is looking for men and women, young and old, who will sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn more and more fully, day by day, how to live the life that wins.

There is a precious thought, but also a solemn responsibility, in the fact that the Master is counting on you and me to live the life that wins, in order to help save others. And following that truth comes another piercing fact. It is this: There are some around us whom we can reach more effectually than can anyone else. Frances Havergal was stirred to the depths one day when talking with one of her girls in her Sunday school class. She was telling this young friend how happy she was to learn that she had decided to be a Christian.

"But I should have been yours," said the girl, looking regretfully into the eyes of her beloved teacher.

And so in your neighborhood, and in mine, there are some whom the Master has fitted us to work for better than others. He is only asking us to live the life that wins that He may direct our plans fully, and make us fishers of these neighbors and friends, and others who may be in need.

One evening — how well I remember still — we were walking over the hill toward home, an older friend and I. There was a lull in our busy talk. Something in my friend's attitude bade me keep still. Presently she gripped my arm a little more firmly. "Say, dear, won't you be a Christian?" she asked quietly.

The question surprised me. I should have resented it from some of my friends. But I could not from Georgia. Her life was a magnet drawing others heavenward, a powerful argument backing her appeal and silencing every excuse. My answer was not affirmative, nor yet negative. In fact, I could neither answer the question nor get away from it. It followed me. In reply to all my silent arguments against becoming a Christian, an unseen hand held up before me the beautiful life of the friend who had asked the question; and there grew in my heart a deep, unsatisfied longing to be the kind of Christian Georgia

was. She made mistakes now and then, but the course of her life was ever upward. One could not be with her long without realizing that the great controlling purpose of her life was, to be an extraordinary Christian; to live the life that wins, and to be a soul-winner among her friends.

Often, when I think of the soul-winning side of the life that wins, does a certain story come to mind. It is one of Gordon's. Years ago, when I first read it, my eyes grew misty and my heart grew a bit warmer for my fellow men. Since then, I've read it a good many times; and I find that like pure gold, it loses no luster by the friction of use. It still stirs to the depths.

The story comes from a shepherd hut in the hills of Scotland. The sheep had been brought into the fold for the night. The shepherd had ministered to them according to their needs. Two of his fold were missing. What should he do? Oh, he knew! There was only one thing that a faithful shepherd could do. So he went to the shelter where his faithful collie lay, suckling her own little flock. Now a faithful dog is very precious to the shepherd's heart. But he called her. And she looked up into the face of her master. "Two are missing," and up went two fingers. "Two are missing, Collie. Away by and get them."

"You wouldn't send me out again to-night," her pleading eyes seemed to say, as she lingered a moment before going in obedience to her master's voice. "It has been a long day—I'm so tired—not again to-night."

"Away by, Collie, and get the sheep," said the shepherd.

And the tired collie went. Away from home and much needed rest, she went in response to her master's call.

Finally the shepherd was aroused by a scratching at his cottage door. It was the dog's way of announcing her return. It must have been midnight. The shepherd got up and cared for the sheep that had been found. But one was still missing. Again he went to the outhouse. Perhaps he did not realize how very tired she was as she lay there nursing her little ones.

Again he called.

And again the collie looked up with her pleading eyes for a bit of rest, a little more relaxation.

"Collie, get the other sheep," commanded her master.

"Oh, not again to-night," her eyes seemed to be pleading from their depth of meaning. "Haven't I been faithful? I am so tired—please don't send me again to-night."

Perhaps the shepherd petted her a bit. I don't know. The story didn't tell us. But

anyway, his commanding voice came again: "Away by, Collie, get the sheep." And out she went.

In two or three hours, the shepherd was again aroused by the familiar scratching at the door. The collie had brought the other sheep; and looking up to her master, she seemed to say: "There it is. I've done as you bade me. It's back." Then, as the shepherd went to look after the sheep, the worn-out dog dragged herself to the kennel. When the sheep had been cared for, the shepherd went to praise his dog for her faithful work that night. He stooped to pat her and speak a word or two of appreciation. But it was too late. The life cord had snapped. There she lay, her little ones tugging away at her lifeless body.

That is the story. But it never stops there in my mind. Somehow, I see the Master stooping over me and saying, "Two missing. Go get them — yes, more than two — that you know, that your life touches. Go get them." And I think of the faithfulness of that collie. She did her best. She gave up her own comfort. She sacrificed herself. She was obedient even to death. Then always comes the challenge to serve with the same spirit of faithfulness, letting absolutely nothing hinder implicit obedience to the Master's command. Yes, that is the keynote of the life that wins.

To the casual observer, the life that wins bears the stamp of self-denial. And it does call for self-denial. But to those who really make living it a business, it becomes the most fascinating thing in the world. And often just a glimpse into the recesses of such a life grips hearts, just as it did the hearts of certain college students. "When I was in college," said a Christian worker, "two men were sent to West Africa to fill a vacancy. Before they had been gone three months, there came a cable telling us that one was dead. In less than another month, a second cable came, saying the second was dead. At once the matter was announced to the students, and the question was asked, 'Who will take their places?' Six men at once . . . offered to go, and two were sent. In less than six months, these two were dead, and a cable came again, and the question was again asked, 'Who will go?' That occasion I shall never forget. It stands out as one of the thrilling moments of my life. When the question was asked, 'Who will go?' every man in the college stood up and said, 'Send me!'"

Over in Australia a few years ago, Norman Wiles heard God's call to live the life that wins. His father was not a Christian, and when he saw his boy choose to follow the Man of Calvary, he was disappointed. The path that leads Home by the way of the cross did

not appeal to him. Nor did he wish Norman to follow it. He was wealthy and influential, and could give his son exceptional advantages in education, and open doors of rare opportunities to him in the business world. His hopes would be blasted if Norman persisted in his chosen course, and he tried in every way to shake the lad's purpose.

But Norman Wiles could not change. He had heard the Master's call. He had seen the sinner's Friend. And something stronger than any earthly tie, than any worldly ambition, bound him to his purpose to live the life that wins, following Him who came to seek and save the lost. All the flattering offers that wealth and influence could present failed in their purpose of beguiling him away from his God. Then his father refused to acknowledge him as his son any longer. Still he was true to the heavenly vision. With aching heart, the homeless lad went on with his training for service. And when his training was completed, he and his young wife gave themselves to work "in the regions beyond." One last effort he made to persuade his father that his choice was best. He went to his father's office and told him about the mission before him. But his earnest pleading met only cold glances from his father. The love of money and popularity had blinded him to real values. He could see nothing of worth in Norman's

course. His parting words were, "If you are such a fool as to spend your life thus, the sooner you go out of that door the better."

And Norman Wiles went out, never to see his father again. Bidding farewell to the homeland, he and his devoted wife sailed for the New Hebrides, to settle among the Big Nambus, the untamed warrior tribe of those islands. We cannot picture the feelings of their young hearts as they wandered alone among the cannibals they had come to save. Surely only those who had laid all upon the altar would venture into such dangers. Malarial fever came and weakened these hard-working missionaries. Then came tribal warfare, and the Big Nambus feasted upon the prisoners they had taken, and then on their own slain. Truly the outlook was discouraging. But these earnest young Christians worked on in triumphant faith.

Black-water fever came next, and after four days of illness, Norman Wiles died. Alone among the cannibals, the heartbroken young widow buried her husband in a lonely spot. There was no casket; but the loving hands that had cared for him during his last illness, now wrapped that precious, lifeless form in grass mats, and a few trusted natives laid it away to rest. As the grave closed over her loved one, the poor bereaved girl realized that she was all alone, with no other civilized

being near. There is not space here to tell of the many trying experiences through which she passed before reaching the land of her nativity. But through it all, there was One who watched over her and gave her as remarkable deliverance as was ever accorded a child of God. Finally, emaciated and weak and sad, she reached her loved ones again.

And what of such an experience? Does she still feel that it pays to live the life that wins when it leads to such sorrow? Oh, friends, she knows! There is no doubt in her mind. And from her homeland comes the report that her prayer still is that she may be permitted to return to the land of her great sorrow and help save the cannibals there. She has caught the spirit of the Man of Calvary, as have all who live the life that wins.

Amen Amen

More and More

THE light of the world shines brighter and brighter
As wider and wider God opens my eyes;
My trials and burdens seem lighter and lighter,
And fairer and fairer the heavenly prize.

The wealth of this world seems poorer and poorer
As farther and farther it fades from my sight;
The prize of my calling seems surer and surer
As straighter and straighter I walk in the light.

My waiting on Jesus seems dearer and dearer
As longer and longer I lean on His breast;
Without Him I'm nothing seems clearer and clearer,
And more and more sweetly in Jesus I rest.

My joy in my Saviour is growing and growing,
And stronger and stronger I trust in His word;
My peace like a river is flowing and flowing,
As harder and harder I lean on the Lord.

— *Selected.*

When the Road Forks

CHAPTER VIII

WE were autoing from Richmond, Virginia, to Washington, D. C. The road was not familiar to anyone in the party, and we had no guidebook. But signboards were plentiful, it seemed. Once, however, we came to a place where the road forked. No signboard could be sighted. "I wonder which road we should take! This one seems a bit more traveled," soliloquized the man at the wheel, as he slowed down the machine. There were no cars in sight and no houses near, so the road to the right was chosen, in hopes that it would prove to lead to the desired destination. "I think we should have taken the other one," said a voice from the rear seat as the machine began speeding down the well-traveled road. We had driven several miles when a sign arrested our speed, and inquiries of a passer-by with a motorists' guide verified our fears. There was only one thing for us to do to get to Washington. We turned back and took the right road.

How about that other journey we are taking? In our serious moments, we have resolved more or less firmly to follow the path that leads Home, even if it goes by way of

the cross. But often our feet are halted by the forking of the road just ahead. There is no loitering, however, on life's pathway. The flight of time demands quick decision as our feet press on in this or that path. On, on, on we go. Now a sigh, now a tear, now a bit of joy. Old friends go; new ones cross our pathway. Time changes; we change. Plans fail; disappointments come. Still the inevitable forces us onward in the path of our choice. We tie our hopes to this long-tested friend, to that hard-earned bank account, to that fine-promising enterprise. But, alas, our friend is taken away; sickness and loss eat up the bank account; and the enterprise turns out to be only a mirage. Still we travel on, treasuring in our hearts the memories that fill our eyes with tears, our hearts with gratitude, and our souls with courage to face the inevitable.

But what about the paths we are following? What shall we find at the end of the way? Which path did we take when the road forked? If we cannot read the answers to these questions satisfactorily in the light of our own past, let us study by the rays of light that emanate from the experiences of others. Take for instance the experience of a certain young man in college. In his quiet moments while in school, he decided to go Home by the way of the cross. But when college days

were over, he began to count the cost of his decision. As he stood where the road forked, he looked out upon the world. The glimmer of gold held his eye, and then he lost his vision and his way. He is making money to-day—a good many thousands a year. But what about the end of the way?

Thousands have confessed that the end of the way for him who seeks first the wealth of this world is dark, gloomy, and disappointing. Mr. Gould knew what it was to acquire wealth. He lived with it a number of years. As he neared the end of the way, where the gates of eternity stood ajar to receive him, some one said, "Mr. Gould, how much gold does it take to satisfy a man?" Life was ebbing away as he gasped, "A—lit-tle—more." There is something in the race for gold that drives a man on and on until the black face of Disappointment meets him at the end of the road.

Recently some friends came from Russia. For sixteen years, they had been missionaries in that turbulent country. They sense fully the comforts that money can buy under normal conditions. But they know, too, when money fails. Around them, during the "reign of terror" in that unfortunate land, the rich were driven from their homes. Some went without outward protest; some resisted and were shot down; some committed suicide

rather than face the unknown doom that awaited them. With aching hearts for the poor deceived people who had trusted in money, these friends looked up and took courage. Can glittering gold beguile them into leaving the path that leads Home by the way of the cross? Never! Well they know that the path to which money points, although strewn with roses to-day, may end in destruction to-morrow; so, with Abraham, they are pressing on toward the "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

But the love of money is not the only by-path. The intellectual fogs that hang low over our land to-day are causing many travelers to lose their way. Many men and women who a few years ago were promising young people with a bright Christian experience are derelicts to-day. They have joined the Darwins and the Huxleys. Yes, they have entered the class of doubters who turn their backs on God and wander in the light of their own kindling, "ever learning," as Paul said, but "never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." They have passed their entrance examination. They look with pride on their theories, and cast a few disdainful glances and covert sneers at the simple religion of their fathers.

But the viewpoint of those who continue in the footprints of the Darwins and Huxleys

will change. Their brilliant discoveries in intellectual pursuits will vanish in the dark valley through which they must pass on their way to the end of the road. Bitter remorse and disappointment burned in the hearts of Darwin and Huxley as they went down the western slope of life. Darkest gloom lay before them, and, alas, there was no turning back. They had followed the flickering light of false education so long that they had lost their will power to turn back and go Home by the way of the cross.

Truly, "in the highest sense, the work of education and the work of redemption are one; for in education, as in redemption, 'other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.'" Small wonder, then, that Satan should offer a counterfeit, that if possible he might "deceive the very elect."

Yonder are surging masses of men and women, young and old, who, having lost the vision of the Home at the end of the way, are turning to worldly pleasure to satisfy a hungry feeling that is gnawing away at their hearts. This is true to such an alarming extent that, as a popular magazine said not long ago, "the world is pleasure mad." Our national capital is said to have invested $100,000,000 in theaters, saying nothing of other pleasure resorts. It is estimated that 20,000,000 people in the United States attend

the movies every day. But is this wild race for pleasure bringing lasting happiness? "Oh, I go to forget my troubles for a little while," said a movie friend in attempting to explain why she went so frequently.

No, pursuing worldly pleasures does not bring real happiness. These pleasures are opiates, and ever stronger ones are needed to quiet the nerves that drive one on in the day's mad rush for excitement. On, on they go to the end of the way. And what there? Hundreds, thousands have left their testimonies. It's a dark valley indeed they enter. But let us stoop low over just one pleasure-seeker who has been brought face to face with death: "Oh, please don't talk about that now. I have wasted my life. Yes, it's worse than wasted. I refused to learn how to live; but in the little time I have left, do tell me how to die."

The signboard, "This Way to Fame and Power," draws many a shortsighted traveler away from the nobler pursuits. There was Napoleon. He followed the path to power so far that he changed the map of Europe. The nations were brought to his feet. Who dared interfere with his plans? Who dared interrupt his course? He even defied the God of heaven. "Man proposes, but God disposes," said a Christian man to Napoleon, when listening to the great general's plans for conquering Russia. Such reflections on

his limitations roiled Napoleon's ambitious heart. So he marched northward, determined to prove that he could dispose as well as propose. He reached Moscow. But God did not permit the seemingly invincible general to carry his plans to completion. "Thus far and no farther," said the Ruler of heaven and earth. That command Napoleon was forced to obey. He turned back; and when the people of Moscow saw the French army retreat as if driven back by an unseen hand, they looked to God with grateful hearts for their deliverance, and made the forty-sixth psalm their memorial song of triumph. Finally Napoleon too learned that soon or late defeat overtakes the seeker for fame and power, and at the end of the way is death and disappointment.

Now just for a moment, contrast in your mind Napoleon and Moses. The throne of Egypt was waiting for Moses; all the glories of that then great nation hung over his head, ready to be showered upon him if he would become its ruler. But Moses was not short-sighted. He saw the end of Egyptian glory. Doubtless many sneered at the foolish young man who refused to become king of that great nation. But no one questions to-day the wisdom of Moses in "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

Then there is the pathway of false religions which Satan has manufactured for leading sinners astray. Many indeed are wandering therein, for the enemy adorns his damnable lies concerning the only true gospel with false theories that are pleasing to the eyes of many who see not beyond this vale of tears. Our hearts ache because of the millions in heathen lands who are marching on in the pathway of false religions. Every month, in the Gibraltar of Hinduism, in the lands of Confucius, in the strongholds of Mohammed, in the Dark Continent, and in our neighbor countries across the equator, millions are slipping into Christless graves. But what of the false religions in so-called Christian lands? Think of the millions whom Christian Science, New Thought, Spiritism, and other false isms every year are leading on to Christless graves! How long shall these continue to deceive the credulous into believing that there is no sin and no Saviour, no death and no grave, no God and no heavenly Father? How long shall they continue to rob the young of the only Friend that can lead them successfully through life? How long shall they be permitted to snatch from the hands of the aged, tottering on the edge of the grave, the only hope that can pierce the gloomy shadows of death?

"Daddy," said a young girl, "I am about to die. What shall I do? You say there is no God. Mother says Jesus will save me. What shall I do?" The father thought he was an infidel. He had wandered long in the pathway of false religion. He had just finished a manuscript disproving the religion of Christ. But his theories could not stand the acid test of death. Somehow the awful gloom to which his belief would lead settled down upon him. His frame shook; his heart bled. Tears streamed down his cheeks. "Daughter," he said, bending low over his dying child, "you better believe in your mother's Christ and be saved." But, alas, not all sense their danger in time to turn back and go Home the way the Man of Calvary trod.

Numerous indeed are the paths that wandering feet may take, but they all lead to one of two places. Life eternal or everlasting death awaits every traveler. There is wealth, there is fame, there is pleasure, there is intellectual attainment in some degree, for all who seek. And there is more than one kind of each. The Author of eternal life offers true wealth, true pleasure, true intellectual growth, to all who will go Home with Him by the way of the cross.

He promises to supply all their needs here, and to make them heirs of the kingdom over

there. As for fame, He makes them "sons of God" here, "that in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus." Pleasure? Yes, He too gives them pleasure. One who knows testifies that "in Thy presence is fullness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore." As for learning, He gives that too; for in Him "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." And the knowledge He gives excels all other intellectual attainment; for His assurance is, "Ye shall *know* the truth, and the truth shall make you free,"—free to enter the heavenly university when the end of the way is reached.

Such are the things Christ offers. Satan matches every one with a counterfeit, and his counterfeits are all bright and dazzling for the natural eye to behold. He makes the course he points out seem inviting indeed and altogether right. Truly, as the wise man has said, "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Not only the death of which Gray sings in his mournful elegy,—

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour;
> The path of glory leads but to the grave,"—

but the death beyond the grave,—the second death, from which there is no resurrection. That is a shuddering thought.

But there is a way of escape. We have the assurance that he who wills to do the Master's will "shall know of the doctrine." When he stands at the forking of the road, he shall know which branch leads up past Calvary. But how can he know, when the paths look so much alike? Can he rely on his conscience? That will depend.

The compass has aided in guiding thousands of ships safely across the deep. But one ship, relying on its compass, went down on some treacherous rocks. The rocks were charted; but the compass proved false, and dashed the ship to pieces on the very rocks it was striving to avoid. What was wrong? Ah, a bit of steel had fallen into the delicate instrument, deflecting the needle. The captain had failed to test it while on the voyage. Often to-day, to make sure the compass is reliable, the captain will make a complete circuit with his ship, testing the needle by the observations taken.

Just so, in our travels, we should be able to trust our conscience. But we must recognize that it can be trusted only as it is educated by God's word and fully controlled by His Spirit. The conscience is a creature of

education. It must ever ring true when tested by God's word. A bit of *known* sin cherished in the life sears the conscience and makes it an unsafe guide.

Perhaps you remember the story of the "Royal Charter," a magnificent ship that had made a trip around the world. According to a message, she was scheduled to touch dock at Liverpool the next morning. Bands of musicians and thousands of people were waiting to welcome her home. Many a heart was thrilled with joy. But, alas, exuberant joy turned to bitterest grief; for the magnificent ship that had sailed triumphantly over many seas, went down almost in sight of home. It fell to Dr. Taylor's lot to carry the heart-breaking news to the home of the first mate, who had gone down with the "Royal Charter." He entered the happy home, where all was in readiness. Even a tempting meal was awaiting the absent one's return. It was not easy for Dr. Taylor to deliver his message. It was hard to see that happy waiting group thrust down from the heights of joy to the depths of grief. "O my God," shrieked the poor bereaved woman, "so near home, yet lost!"

The picture leaves a pain in our hearts. But what of the pain in the Master's heart as He sees some of those who are almost Home, falling behind? Perhaps they are venturing to consider some of the enemy's counterfeits,

feeling entirely secure because of years of experience. Their zeal lags; their love wanes a bit. Their eyes lose their eager look, and Satan smiles as he sees them drifting into careless habits. He will do his utmost to keep them there, for well he knows that to be "almost but not wholly saved is to be not almost but wholly lost."

The Christian who is fully determined to stay in the path that goes Home by the way of the cross, must keep Jesus first in his affection. It is not enough to resolve at the beginning of the way to make Him first. "Never fear; I'll be true," was the covenant a young man left with the girl of his choice when he set sail for another land. Very probably he meant to be true. But in his effort to make his fortune, he forgot the heart that was beating for him and for him only. The eyes of a society belle were turned to him. He saw wealth, promotion, power, ahead. The glamour of the prospects blinded him, and he let drop from his hands the gift of genuine love and turned to grasp the counterfeit.

Your heart condemns the young man for his course. It is wrong to break a sacred pledge. But what of the baptismal vow of Christians who are to-day letting things of their own choosing crowd Jesus out from

the first place in their affections? Our baptismal vows cannot save us. The Saviour to whom we pledge loyalty must do that. But He cannot save us if we wander away from Him into strange paths. Every day, the Christian who would make sure of heaven must make sure of his relation to the Master. It must ever be the heart's deepest desire to please Him whom to know is life eternal.

The Christian who lives thus from day to day will find life's pathway growing brighter and brighter as it nears the eternal Home. No gloom enshrouds the end of the road. Jim, the Christian engineer, has left a testimonial of the blessed hope that makes bright the dying hours of the victorious Christians who swerve not from the path that leads Home by the way of the cross. There had been a bad wreck. The railroad president, who chanced to be on the train, hastened down to see about the engineer, whom he had learned to admire because of his genuineness. The engine was wrecked. There beneath the *débris* was Jim. Life was not yet extinct. Bending over the mangled form, the president saw Jim's lips move. Stooping lower, he caught these words: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

"O Jim," cried the president, "I'd give all that I have in this world to be able to say that."

"Mr. President," and Jim's eyes opened for the last time, "that is just what it costs."

Jim was right. That is just what it costs to be kept in the road that leads to that happy home where weary feet, with sandals loose, may rest, and where we shall see and clearly understand God's way was best.

God Cares

TIME never fails to prove God's care;
He measures all by His good will.
The rushing spheres His thoughts do share,
The sparrow's fall He watches still.

Nor chance nor fate are known above,
Nor dealt to sons on earth below;
God reigns in mercy and in love,
On His but good He will bestow.

To-day in pain His hand unseen
Is chastening sore on Jabbok's shore;
The wrestling angel who hath been
Will touch and bless — and strive no more.

What now is dark, mysterious all,
While hearts give voice to Calvary's cry,
Will yet be plain; no ills befall
His child, the apple of His eye.

To-day earth's mists heaven's view conceal,
And fill our hearts with doubt and fear;
But time His love and care reveals,
And paints His rainbow fair and clear.

— *I. H. Evans.*

The Price of It All

CHAPTER IX

"I'M not ready to do that," said Joan in an audible whisper as she closed the book she had been reading. Then, dropping back limply in her chair, she gazed vacantly into the far away. "No, I'm afraid I'm not willing to do it," she repeated quietly to herself.

"Do what?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, I've been reading about the ideal Christian I should like to be. But really, as I look down deep into my heart, I honestly believe that I'm not willing to pay the price. I have stood up a good many times in meeting when a call has been made for those who would at all costs live the life that wins. But I haven't realized just how much that means. Somehow, as I study the price of that life by the illuminating rays of this book, I find an unwilling spirit in my heart."

The confession brought to mind a certain young man. He too counted the cost of true living too high. So he took all that he had and went away from home to have a good time and do just as his own wayward heart should dictate. There was a wild, reckless career. Extravagance, immorality, dissipation! That was the young man's idea of a

good time. But by and by the lane turned. And somehow, even to-day, our hearts go out in pity for the foolish young man roaming over the hills tending the swine, hungry enough to eat the husks that were fed to them.

The picture is sickening. Still, it is only one swift, sweeping, kaleidoscopic view of what Satan does with a life that is devoted to his program. Destruction and disappointment always come soon or late. *Always!* Satan had promised this lad very different things when he had bargained with him to leave his father's house. And the boy thought he and the tempter — only, of course, he didn't think of his conniving partner in this affair — knew better than his father. But now the boy's eyes had been opened; he had been badly cheated, and he knew it. Satan had succeeded in mesmerizing him for a time; but now, "when he came to himself," he saw the folly of his course.

Again he sat down to meditate — not upon the cost of living the truly noble life, but upon the terrible cost of living the life that Satan outlines. And then he did the most honorable thing recorded in his biography. He arose from his sad meditations, and returned to his father's house, willing to be anything if only he might remain at home.

That is one picture. Now let us look at another.

It was New Year's Eve. The sun had gone down, and the twilight hours had deepened into midnight blackness. Still the old man sat at the window, gazing into the sky. The dome above him was clear and beautiful. There was not a cloud to mar the picture, and the sparkling stars floated like sun-kissed lilies in an unruffled lake.

By and by he buried his face in his hands, and a tear dropped on the window sill. The beautiful sky into which he gazed was not the only picture he was studying. Stretched out before him like a canvas, hung a vision of the days of his youth; he saw the happy home where loving parents showered upon him every possible blessing and showed him the path of peace and happiness.

But that was long ago. How times had changed! What would those fond parents think could they see him now! "Thank God," he muttered half audibly, "they are asleep in Jesus." They had died before he reached his twenty-third birthday. Almost fifty years had intervened—years of a sadly checkered career. He had traveled a long way. There would not be many more milestones to pass. But what had he gathered on his journey, that had made it really worth while? There was a bank account. But to-night that seemed so worthless in the face of the real problem before him!

His health was squandered; his mind held no sweet memories; and his poor bankrupt heart was sad and broken. His life was strewn with errors, and there was nothing now to reap but remorse. Of that his "garners" were full.

Lifting his eyes again to the sky, he cried out from the very depth of his agonized soul: "O Youth, return to me! *O Father in heaven, place me once more at the entrance of life, that I may choose the better way!* Forgive me for wasting the years Thou hast so generously given me. Would that I had listened to the pleading voice of my parents when they begged me to choose Heaven's plan for my life! O Father, my life is a failure!" Here his prayer ceased abruptly. Overwhelmed with grief too deep for utterance, he relapsed into painful meditation.

The clock on the city hall struck twelve, but still he sat looking into the glorious heavens. A shooting star caught his eye just before it vanished in the darkness. "My life is like that star," he muttered to himself, while the tears streamed down his sunken cheeks. "My youth was bright and promising. My parents desired me to become a minister; but I thought I knew best. The day came when I chafed under home restraint; I scorned religion; I chose the way of the world. At first, my conscience con-

demned me; but that soon became seared, and I thought I was having a good time. I marvel now that I could be so blind."

Again there was silence, save for an occasional sigh that seemed a kind of safety valve for tense feelings. The old man was oblivious to the passing of time till he heard again the city clock announce the hour. Still, why go to bed? He could not sleep. Two pictures hung before him, and his eyes refused to turn aside. There stood the poor, wretched man he really was, and beside him the man he might have been. Never had he sensed his own failure so keenly. Never had he realized so fully the supreme importance of taking the *right* road early in life. From the background of one of the pictures, he saw a group of familiar faces, and a voice seemed to say: "These are the friends your influence has led astray. They are plunging on to perdition. What will you do about it?"

That picture was too much for the old man. There was no way of escape. He fell on his knees and cried to God for mercy. He poured out a veritable torrent of confession. Finally he grew calm; gradually the sobs grew fainter and less frequent. A sweet peace came into the broken heart, and a new light shone in the bleared eyes.

"Father," resumed the old man after victory came, "I do thank Thee for accepting

me. I know I am utterly worthless, and that I came to Thee only as a last resort, only when I saw no way of escape. Father, I know that there is no road which leads back to youth. I know that 'youth comes twice to none.' I had mine, and gave it to the devil. O, that was a dreadful mistake — an irreparable loss to me and to those I might have saved by Thy grace! It will be a loss all through eternity. The sands of my life are running low. My allotted years have passed. How merciful and patient Thou hast been toward me all the way! O Father, it is sweet to be forgiven! But to-night I beg of Thee to grant me one more great favor: I beg of Thee to use my life as a warning to young people to-day. Cause them to profit by my sad mistake, and choose the right road before it is too late, for it costs too much to serve the devil."

Such is the partial price of the life that doesn't win, saying nothing of the greater price to be paid at the end of the way. And truly, every serious-minded person should ask himself not only, "What does it cost to be a Christian?" but also, "What does it cost *not* to be a Christian?" They really are both parts of the same great question which every one who knows about the Saviour of men must face.

And now, with this glimpse of the negative, let us turn to the positive: "What does it cost to be a Christian — to live the life that wins? The life that wins in this world and on the final great reckoning day, costs all. It is the pearl of great price; and to obtain it, each must give all he possesses. The price is the same to all persons and at all times.

Many who cherish high ideals hesitate to pay this price. But those who have paid it find it abundantly worth while. "Would that I had a thousand lives to give!" shouted a missionary who had tasted the joys of a fully surrendered life. And the great host of Christians who have laid all on the altar share those same sentiments. Somehow it is difficult for the unregenerated heart to understand how this can be true, but the Christian who has passed over the line of full and unconditional surrender sees things more and more clearly from God's viewpoint. And as his viewpoint changes to God's, the Christian realizes how little is the *all* we must give for the all we receive. We give our sins for His righteousness, our bad habits for His lovely traits, our heartaches and worries for His peace, our sorrows for His joy, our weakness for His enduring might, "a sin-polluted heart

for Jesus to cleanse by His own blood, and to save by His matchless love."

Of course, it is often hard to endure the criticism and ridicule of unbelieving friends, the persecution of intolerant persons, and the pinch of poverty that often comes to those who go Home by the way of the cross. But all of this it is abundantly worth while to endure; "for our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

In eternity, the Christian will enjoy in their fullness the benefits of the exchange he makes with God when he contracts to live the life that wins. But he does not have to wait till then to taste them. He begins at once to reap the benefits, and perhaps there is no more striking blessing than the wonderful peace God gives to His obedient children. While unbelieving friends are convulsed with troubles of every kind, the peace of God keeps the genuine Christian heart serene, and makes his soul "dwell at ease." "I am happier noo, when I am no happy," confessed an old Scotchman who had learned to live the life of implicit obedience, "than I wis afore when I wis happy." Yes, the peace God gives is constant, unbroken; it is disturbed only

when the Christian steps down away from God into the path of disobedience. It is one of the impossible things God gives to His children at this time when it seems that there is no spot on this seething earth where peace can abide.

And while He gives the genuine Christian peace, He also ennobles his life and makes it a blessing to others. As the olive tree enriches the soil in which it grows, so the Christian who lives the life that wins will enrich the community in which he dwells. He will make it a better community. He will inspire his friends to live better lives. In him, they will find help in time of trouble, comfort in sorrow, and a friend in every time of need. All of this and much more; for in the life of the obedient, Christ is living again to bless others.

"As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance all its own,
So when Thou dwellest in mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems round it thrown."

There was a time when Paul — or Saul, as he was then called — scorned the invitation to "come unto Me." He saw nothing worth his while in being a follower of the Man of Nazareth. He even persecuted those who did follow Him. Paul came from a good Hebrew family; he was "a Hebrew of the Hebrews";

he had a remarkably good education. His eloquent addresses matched favorably with those of the great orators of the Roman Empire. He could draw audiences without difficulty. He was a great success in the Jewish world. What use had he for Christianity? If he should accept it, what would become of his popularity?

However, Paul's conscience, so long dormant, troubled him. The invitation, "Come unto Me," pierced his very soul. But would it not be absurd for him to leave the popular Jewish church and identify himself with the poor, despised followers of the lowly Nazarene? The thought was abhorrent to him.

Paul was prepared to fill a high position in the world. Did ever a young man have brighter prospects? Surely fortune was smiling on him and casting her glittering jewels in his pathway. What more could a young man's heart desire? Still his conscience kept pricking; but ambition and pride urged him forward, and with greater zeal than before, he persecuted the Christians.

Then a change came—sudden, great! Paul could go no farther. The glamour of the world held no charms for him now. Its glory faded. Why? Paul had a vision. Suddenly, unexpectedly, he caught a glimpse

of the Man of Calvary. That was enough. Perhaps he saw the nail prints and the wounded side. Perhaps he caught a vision of the future, and saw the grateful, happy faces of the redeemed who had washed their robes in the blood that was poured out on Calvary. We do not yet know all that Paul saw in that vision. But we do know that he saw Jesus, "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," and that was enough.

When Paul caught that vision of Jesus, he came to his senses. He realized how foolish he had been to follow the path that he considered right; how foolish he was to say No to Jesus and go chasing after the mirage that worldly ambition painted before him. And this time, when Jesus again said, "Come unto Me," Paul hastened to obey; for as he tells us, he "was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." He left all, and followed the Master he had been persecuting so zealously.

It was not an easy matter for Paul to change. What must his friends have thought of him? Was he fickle? No, they knew he was not. What could have come over him? Instead of persecuting the Christians of Damascus, he identified himself with them. Doubtless many ridiculed him, and

said, "Why, I thought Paul had better sense than to make such a foolish move!" Some may have called him a traitor. But all this mattered not to Paul. He *knew* whom he had seen.

And just here Paul differed from many. Just here he revealed one of the elements of true greatness. He saw clearly what he ought to do, and *he did it.* He did not waver nor dally. Had he done so, who knows that the skillful hand of the enemy might not have daubed the vision, and, retouching the picture of the world with a little false tinsel, persuaded Paul to pick up the old reins again and— But the very thought makes us tremble, as we think of the great blessing Paul became to the world when he decided to let the Master have full control of his life. Through all the Christian era, Paul's letters to the believers scattered over Asia Minor have been leading hosts of soul-sick wanderers to the great Physician for healing.

As we look back over the past, where all things stand out in their true values, we can see clearly that God's plan for Paul was incomparably better than the one he had been pursuing. His own plan—and the devil's—meant eternal loss to him, and to many others whom his influence reached; but God's plan meant eternal gain to him and to a host of

others. When Paul got close to the Master, he found in life something that satisfies when all else fails. He realized that he had received the best gift life could bring him; and all the wealth and fame and pleasure that could be found in the Roman Empire, he counted but dross beside the incomparable privilege of dwelling in the presence of the Saviour, and living the life that wins.

You have already discovered that the outstanding characteristic of the life that wins is prompt and implicit obedience. Whenever the Master calls, the Christian responds, "Here am I, send me." The life that wins counts not the cost. When the Master says to do this or that, His faithful servant obeys. The Advent believers of 1844 give us a vivid demonstration of implicit obedience in an hour of supreme test. They had looked for Jesus to come in 1844, and were bitterly disappointed when October 22 slipped by without seeing their hopes fulfilled. Words cannot explain the keenness of their distress. How could they ever face the world again—its taunts, its sneers, its ridicule? They had left their crops unharvested. They had invested all their worldly possessions in the Advent movement. And now, with broken hearts and empty hands, they were bidden to take up the

cross and follow their Master through fields of service. That seemed an impossible task. But no! In that hour of despair, these earnest believers did not falter. Everything was black with disappointment. But they clung to God, saying in their hearts, as Job did, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Lifting up their eyes in obedience to their Master's call, they saw a streak of light on the horizon of thought. It was the promise of another day—a day of new hope and courage. And now out of the furnace of affliction came a people that knew their God, and could go forth and do exploits for Him as they followed in the path of perfect obedience. New light shone on their pathway, revealing new truths; and new truths meant new tests in obedience. Still they followed.

One of the first tests came when God's finger pointed to His holy law. Through study and revelation, they now saw that the seventh and not the first day of the week was God's holy Sabbath. It was the day He had commanded them to keep holy. But to keep it would mean to become still more unpopular with neighbors, relatives, and friends. However, there was only one thing for these believers to do. They accepted the Sabbath, and kept it according to the commandment. Ig-

norantly they had kept Sunday; but now they saw clearly that to continue to observe the false sabbath would be to carry the enemy's flag in the Master's army. Another great blessing came to these faithful believers. God placed in their midst one of the rarest gifts in the church. He intrusted them with special guidance through the prophetic gift. This too they accepted. How inspiring to see these obedient believers going forth in the Master's service "conquering and to conquer"! They could indeed do exploits, because through perfect obedience, they had received from God strong hands, pure hearts, and souls full of courage. Marvelously did the cause prosper, just as God's cause always has prospered when He has had full control of the workers.

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain.
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!"

That is the prayer we need to pray to-day if in our bosoms dwells a desire to live the life that wins. Have we like Demas grown weary in the road that leads Home by the way of the cross? Have we loved this present world? Have the pleasures of this world led us to forget to say with David, "I delight

to do Thy will, O my God"? Have we let the hand of worldliness erase the law of God from our hearts, and make us look and act like the unbelieving world about us? Has the glitter of the dollar to-day led us to forget that one of these days it will lose its popularity and be valueless to man? If any of these things have caused our feet to slip, the lives of the faithful ones who have gone before challenge us to reconsider our choice and obtain grace to follow in their train.

"But I've so often broken my resolutions to live the life that wins, I hesitate to try again," you say. Have you? Well, the Master pities those of us who fail. He knows all about it—all about our resolutions to pay the price of the life that wins, and just where and why and how we have failed. But He is not discouraged with us. "Come unto Me," His tender voice pleads, "and I will give you rest." You may have tried a hundred times and failed, or maybe you have never really tried at all. Still He bids you come.

Somewhere on the Isle of Wight is a beautiful statue of a young girl reclining on an open Bible. The monument was erected by Queen Victoria in memory of Princess Elizabeth, who was imprisoned during the wars of the Commonwealth. One morning, the jailer found her lying dead on the floor, her head on an open Bible, and her cheek upon the verse,

"Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest." Those words had comforted her in her prison cell, and enabled her to fall asleep in Jesus, thus escaping from her imprisonment in Carisbrooke. To-day that same promise comes to us to emancipate us from "the sin that doth so easily beset us," and to grant us power to live the life that wins.

"But I'm not going to try again to live the life that wins, until I learn how to control my temper," I have heard some say. Yet that is not God's plan for us. He knows that in ourselves, we cannot gain the victory over these besetments. We must each of us learn the lesson Charlotte Elliott learned. At a large gathering, an old gentleman who was a very devoted Christian came to her with this question:

"Are you a Christian?"

"I do not care to discuss that question just now," the thoughtless young woman replied with considerable dignity.

"I trust that you will forgive me," began the old man apologetically, "but I saw you across the room, and felt that I must ask you that question."

With that, their conversation closed. A few days later Charlotte Elliott and the old gentleman again found themselves in the same gathering. This time, it was she who

crossed the room. Serious thought had claimed her attention since their previous meeting.

"I'm so very sorry," she began quietly, "that I was so rude to you the other evening. The fact is that I am not a Christian. I have been troubled ever since you asked me, and I should like to know how to become one."

"My dear, it is very simple," said the old man tenderly. "You only have to come to Jesus."

"But I am a very great sinner," she objected.

"No matter; you have but to come to Jesus."

"Will He take me just as I am?"

"Yes, He will take you just as you are, and no other way," was the comforting reply of the old experienced Christian.

"Well, if He will take me just as I am, then I will come," said Charlotte Elliott; then she went home, and sitting down to her desk, she wrote the words:

> "Just as I am, without one plea,
> But that Thy blood was shed for me,
> And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
> O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

So she too came to Jesus just as she was; and her beautiful song, "Just as I Am," has

helped thousands to learn how to begin the life that wins.

As I look back to-day over the widening gulf of time that fills the past, a feeling of bitter regret fills my heart to think that I should ever have hesitated to pay the price of the life God invites us to live in this world of sin. And as I analyze the feeling that caused me to hesitate, it seems to me it was all due to the fact that I did not appreciate my Saviour nor the price He had paid for my redemption. And so I was just a little ashamed to be called a Christian — to be different from some of my friends.

> "Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
> On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
> No; when I blush, be this my shame,
> That I no more revere His name."

A young man from one of the Southern States went away to college. His parents were poor mountaineers. They were sacrificing in every way to give their son an education. Finally the cow — the only cow — was sold, for they could not think of taking John out of school.

In the boy's senior year, the father said, "Mother, I'm getting anxious to see John."

They talked things over. There were only a few dollars in the depleted treasury. But the son had not been home during vacations.

His letters were growing more and more infrequent, and now he would soon be graduated. Yes, father must go and see John, even if it should take their last penny. So the old man dressed in his best and started. When he entered the campus, he soon discovered his son in a group of gay companions. His heart thrilled with joy.

"Oh, John!" said the father, as he stood before the boy who was his pride and joy.

"Pardon me, sir," and the boy drew himself up stiffly, "but I don't know you."

"Why, John, I'm your father."

"Oh, sir, you're surely mistaken;" and the cold-hearted son persistently refused to acknowledge his heartbroken father. Nor could the quivering chin and the brimming eyes draw from the ungrateful son one look of recognition.

Finally the old man turned and walked away, slowly, with unsteady tread, while the gay group sneered and joked at his old-fashioned hat, his patched coat, and his home-cobbled shoes. He left the youth and their sport behind, but he carried with him a broken, bleeding heart. The cruel ingratitude of his son was too much for the poor old man, and the heartbeat grew fainter day by day.

How could that young man be so cruel to the father who had slaved and toiled for him? you ask. But just a moment! What of the

ingratitude of those who refuse to acknowledge Jesus as their personal Saviour? He has done infinitely more for us than any human father could possibly do for his son. On Calvary's brow, He purchased our salvation with His own precious blood. He hung upon the cruel cross, that you and I might be free to live the life that wins, and have an abundant entrance into the heavenly home. Somehow, in the light of the sacrifice He has made for us, the price we must pay to live the life that wins pales into insignificance. And, friends, to live it is the only way we can prove our gratitude to Him.

Sometime

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me —
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see;
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And shortly you shall know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery find there a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,—
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly see and understand,
I think that we shall say, "God knew the best."

— *May Riley Smith.*

The End of the Way

CHAPTER X

THE good-byes always left in my heart a deep, insatiable longing for the greeting that lay beyond. The months in school, with their usual routine of study and recreation, were pleasant; but the old farmhouse was never far from my thoughts, and the longing heart always kept the hand of hopeful anticipation pointing homeward. Each spring, when the school year was ended, the trunk packed, the college good-byes over, and the ticket in hand, one spot on the map loomed up before me to the exclusion of all else. And when the train made the last curve where the familiar country road smiled back to me, I was fairly beside myself with joy.

As we jogged along in the old spring wagon, up over the hills and down through the valleys, the changes along the way were all discussed, and an up-to-date acquaintance with the road was once again established. One of those hills was crowned with special interest; and when the top was reached, the conversation, no matter how tense, was bound to be interrupted, for the dearest place on earth was just then peeping up over the horizon. I can close my eyes now, and see

that loved home again. Tender memories still enshroud it, and ever must; for there once lived the best friends of other days.

What pleasure to reach the end of the road after nine long months of school! There was not much splendor — just a good, plain, comfortable farm home, without the nonessentials that crowd out the choicest blessings in so many households. Yes, it was home. The welcome was there. Love was there. And the blessings of plenty surrounded the roof that sheltered it. With the passing years, the path that led homeward lengthened. Duty pressed that home leagues and leagues away. Obstacles arose. But the way never grew too long, too lonely, nor yet too rugged, to be traveled frequently, at whatever cost of personal sacrifice; for at the end was the home that never disappointed, the home that never failed to be a place of rest for the weary, footsore traveler, a place of cheer for the lonely heart.

As I close my eyes to-day to shut out my immediate surroundings, that I may see once again that dear old spot, gratitude fills my heart. The relentless hand of Death has laid low the pillars of that home, but it can never tear from my heart the blessed lessons there taught. And bitter loss brings precious gain; for the remembrance of that which is lost sheds rays of gentle light upon the pathway

leading to another Home. Old Father Time is ever at work making changes that tug at our heartstrings and force home to us an ever-deepening realization of the uncertainty of all around us. But there is an end to the road; and, if the scales have fallen from our eyes, we can catch glimpses of the Home at the end of the way — the Home that will not disappoint.

A good many centuries have rolled by since Jesus assured us that He was going back to the Father to prepare a place for those who love Him. It must have been a long wait for the Master, for an intense longing has been burning in His breast to have His loved ones with Him. Even when He stood in the shadow of the cross, it was not the ignominy nor the suffering that burdened Him most. His unselfish heart was aching for those He loved. "Let not your heart be troubled," He said, comforting them; "ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." John 14:1-3.

At the last supper with His disciples, He looked forward to that happy reunion, and we can feel the longing heart behind the words:

"I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in My Father's kingdom." To His Father He expressed the same deep desire for His loved ones. "Father," He said, in His last prayer with them, "I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am." That longing is still burdening the Saviour's heart; for He is a changeless Friend. The promised Home is still waiting for those who love Him; for His words cannot fail. And the signboards along the way show us that Jesus is about to come to take back with Him to that beautiful Home those who have made a covenant with Him through sacrifice.

What a joyous home-coming that will be! Receptions for earth's greatest celebrities cannot compare in the slightest degree with that grand gathering when the faithful shall look up into the sky and say, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us." Says one, "No human pen can portray the scene; no mortal mind is adequate to conceive its splendor." Jesus comes as a conqueror. With Him are all the armies of heaven, to gather the elect from the four corners of the earth. It will be an hour of inconceivable distress to rich and poor, learned and ignorant, famous and obscure, who have been enticed by Satan to leave the path that

goes Home by the way of the cross. But to those who have made Christ their daily victory, this will be a time of supreme and final triumph.

From rugged mountain fortresses, from lonely desert regions, from prison cells, from quiet fields of service, from musty graves, and from the silent deep, the angels will bring the elect to meet their Lord and Saviour in the air. Then will these mortal bodies put on immortality, and be fashioned according to the glorious divine pattern.

Attended by all the heavenly host, Jesus will return to the Father with the redeemed, immortalized throng,—the purchase of His own precious blood. What inexpressible gratitude for deliverance will fill the hearts of those who, having known earth's sorrows and fears and suffering, now bid them forever farewell! What unutterable joy will thrill their hearts as Jesus opens the pearly gates, and His melodious voice bids them, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Sometimes we forget about the wonderful Home of the redeemed. We forget to gaze at it through the Book of books. Said a young Christian one day, "If I knew more about the Home of the saved, I think I should

be more anxious to go there, and more willing to endure the hardships encountered in the way of the cross." Did she give expression to the longings in your own heart? Perhaps so.

But may we not know all we need to know about that Home until we reach it? I remember still how interested I was in the changes at home,—the new piece of furniture, the changes in the garden, the horse that had been added to the barnyard family. Many of these were pleasant little surprises. But after all, it was not the house nor its surroundings that made home. It was the love, the loved ones, the joys and comforts there. It is not so much the things our eyes see as the joys our hearts feel that spell home.

On Memorial Day a few years ago, I saw one of nature's masterpieces in the mountains of Colorado—saw it in its true grandeur. Some friends and I were up in the Cripple Creek district, when we caught sight of Pikes Peak. Several times I had been disappointed in old Pike as seen from certain places in the vicinity of Colorado Springs. But never again can disappointment spoil the majesty of that peak for me. Ever since that visit, when Pikes Peak comes into view, I always see, towering sublimely into a sky of deepest blue, a huge dome of crystal white, sparkling

with a million jewels in the bright afternoon sunshine. And I see, crouching at its base, the dull, colorless foothills that once deceived my wondering eyes. It seems almost unjust to attempt to describe the picture, for words fall so distressingly short of even outlining it crudely. Often still I close my eyes and stand again on that enchanted spot to gaze at a scene too sublime to depict.

And each time I recall that picture, it impresses anew upon my heart a most helpful lesson. It is this: Some have not a true conception of the Home at the end of the way. They are disappointed in their meditations concerning it. But on the other hand, some have caught a true vision of the Home that God has prepared for the faithful, and never again can the world and its innumerable inducements cause them to stray from the path that leads Home by the way of the cross. For although "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," the Spirit has taken many an earnest seeker up on the Pisgah of faith and let him look at the Home beyond the vale of tears.

Day by day, as the Christian climbs up into the mount of communion with God, does the picture of that Home become more indelibly imprinted on his heart. It is ever with him. Satan may come with his flattering offers of wealth, fame, popularity, or pleasure. But the Christian, like Moses, turns his back on

all these inducements, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season;" and he presses forward, "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt," for he too has "respect unto the recompense of the reward."

As we look up the rugged path of the cross, we catch glimpses, through the gates that stand ajar, of the Home that the Master is preparing for those who are living the victorious life. The golden streets are there, the beautiful river of life, clear as crystal, the flowers that never fade, the tree of life, and the mansions of gold. It is truly a wonderful Home that the Master has gone to prepare for those who love Him. Through the eternal ages, the saved will revel in beauties too glorious, indeed, for the frail human tongue to describe.

But there is something even more wonderful about the heavenly Home. There those who go Home by way of the cross find the things for which their hearts have been most hungry here. For "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." And "they shall hunger no more," for in that home of plenty is everything the regenerated heart can crave.

It is a home that will not disappoint. There will be rest for the footsore traveler, and cheer for his lonely heart. There will be no shortage of funds for carrying out plans; there will be no waning health to keep the ambitious from pressing on to chosen goals. No gossip will mar the tranquillity of that blessed home; harsh words will never stain the lips nor pierce the hearts of any in that happy family. There will be no tired nerves, no aching backs, no broken hearts. There will be no crippled bodies, no blind eyes, no deaf ears. No one will be sick or sad. There will be no funeral trains, no broken family circles. There will be the happy reunions for which the heart sighs. It will be a place of love and joy shut in; of woe and sorrow forever shut out. Jesus will be there, and the nail prints in His hands will be constant reminders that His love can never fail. Through all eternity, the dwellers in that celestial home will be happy in the presence of one another,

> "While the glory of God, like a molten sea,
> Bathes all that happy company."

The Father is waiting to welcome to that beautiful Home all who will come. The Saviour is yearning for all to come. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. . . . And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Yes, heaven is waiting for you and

me. The last invitation is now going forth to earth's millions. *Come* is the invitation that falls from the lips of Mercy. Come, escape the awful wages of sin. Come, enjoy the inexpressible gift of eternal life.

"We must be there. We must bask in the forgiving smiles of God, to whom we have become reconciled, and sin no more; we must have access to that exhaustless fount of vitality, the fruit of the tree of life, and never die; we must repose under the shadow of its leaves, which are for the service of the nations, and never again grow weary; we must bathe in its silvery spray, and be refreshed; we must walk on its golden sands, and feel that we are no longer exiles; we must exchange the cross for the crown, and feel that the days of our humiliation are ended; we must lay down the staff and take the palm branch, and feel that the journey is done; we must put off the rent garments of our warfare for the white robes of triumph, and feel that the conflict is ended and the victory gained; we must exchange the toil-worn, dusty girdle of our pilgrimage for the glorious vesture of immortality, and feel that sin and the curse can nevermore pollute us."

Yes, friends, we must reach that Home. "There every power will be developed, every capability increased. The grandest enterprises will be carried forward, the loftiest

aspirations will be reached, the highest ambitions realized. And still there will arise new heights to surmount, new wonders to admire, new truths to comprehend, fresh objects to call forth the powers of body and mind and soul.

"All the treasures of the universe will be open to the study of God's children. With unutterable delight we shall enter into the joy and the wisdom of unfallen beings. We shall share the treasures gained through ages upon ages spent in contemplation of God's handiwork. And the years of eternity, as they roll, will continue to bring more glorious revelations. 'Exceeding abundant above all that we ask or think' will be, forever and forever, the impartation of the gifts of God."

The world marvels that men and women will go to prison and even to the scaffold for their religion. But if the world could catch a glimpse of the Home that is awaiting the faithful, it would understand why they count not their lives as dear as their religion, and why they go out amid greatest dangers to teach others about the Home that is waiting for all who will enter it by the way of the cross. Just one distant lingering glimpse of that Home, and we shall understand why Europe has been baptized in the blood of martyrs; why Huss, Tyndale, the young woman of the Solway, and thousands of others

have given up their lives rather than their allegiance to God. We shall understand why men and women turn their backs on money and fame and pleasure, and take up the cross and carry it into heathen lands, that the hopeless may look and live. We shall understand the passion that burned in the young hearts of Norman Wiles and his wife when they gave up home comforts to live and die among the cannibals of the New Hebrides. We shall understand why that same passion is causing thousands at home and in heathen lands to lay their all upon the altar for others and for the Home beyond. And if we will but look steadily at that Home, we too shall get the vision and follow in their train; we too shall go Home by the way of the cross.

"The Homeland! O the Homeland!
The land of the free-born!
There is no night in the Homeland,
But aye the fadeless morn;
I'm sighing for the Homeland,
My heart is aching here;
There is no pain in the Homeland
To which I'm drawing near.

"My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
There is no sin in the Homeland,
And no temptation there.
The music of the Homeland
Is ringing in my ears;
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are filled with tears.

"The dwellers in the Homeland
Are beck'ning me to come,
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invades their holy home;
O dear, dear native country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ, bring us all to the Homeland
Of Thy redeeming love."

Yes Amen